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ABSTRACT

From 1966 through 1977, 700 men and women were selected, primarily because they had demonstrated some capacity for personal initiative, to be fellows in the $11 million Leadership Development Program (LDP) supported by the Ford Foundation to develop new leadership in rural America. To operate LDP a decentralized organization with offices in Maine, Georgia, New Mexico, and Colorado was created and staffed by regional agents who recruited fellows and planned individually tailored programs usually involving extensive travel, new experiences, personal stresses, and some rethinking of career directions. Fellowship experiences included: teaching paralegal techniques in Tennessee; establishing an Atlanta street academy for dropouts; working in agencies such as the Mexican-American Community Services Agency in San Jose, the Southwestern Indian Development in Phoenix, and the Economic Development Administration in Washington, D.C.; touring rural Headstart programs and studying Headstart techniques at Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee; examining alternative education methods in California, London, and North Dakota; and studying mountain music in Tennessee. LDP experiences expanded fellows' understanding of society, reduced their insularity, and gave some of them new tools with which to work. LDP created bridges between unaware communities and the largely urbanized nation that surrounds them. (NEC)

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Left-Handed Fastballers

Scouting and Training America's Grass-Roots Leaders 1966-1977

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"...the baseball scout goes around these little towns and what's he looking for? For the left-handed pitcher, the fastballer, the kid with that little spark of something extra. So we were looking for the left-handed pitcher, the potential leader who still lacked the tools of leadership. We could help him get the tools."

A report based on a study for the Ford Foundation
Conducted by David Nevin

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DO NOT RUN

Foreword

From 1967 through 1975 the Ford Foundation supported an unusual fellowship program with the purpose of developing new leadership in rural America. The Leadership Development Program (LDP) differed from most fellowship efforts of foundations in that the 700 people selected for it were not chosen for their academic qualifications, nor were they enrolled in programs of academic study. Instead, men and women were selected primarily because they had demonstrated some capacity for personal initiative, for doing something about the problems in their schools or communities.

In general they had few traditional credentials, although most of them had a college degree. They were young and interested in doing something about the difficulties people have with getting ahead in America, particularly poor people and those from minority groups. They were willing to take the risk of leaving their jobs to engage in a year's experiment in broadening their horizons. For each of them an individually tailored program was planned and put into operation, one that usually exposed the LDP fellow to extensive travel, new experiences, personal stresses, and some rethinking of their careers.

To operate LDP the Foundation created a decentralized organization with offices in Maine, Georgia, New Mexico, and Colorado and engaged a diverse group of talented regional agents to run it. These people, along with a few New York–based staff members of the Foundation, became the inventors of a new form of fellowship. There were lively tensions among them and between them and the New York office. The regional agents' relationships with the fellows held the key to the achievements that can be claimed for the program.

The Foundation invested more than $11 million in the LDP. It phased out the program in 1975 because of major retrenchment in the Foundation's annual spending and because of the belief that the

demonstration value of LDP had been realized and the objective of adding a solid new element to rural leadership had been accomplished.

Rather than conducting a formal evaluation of LDP, Foundation staff decided to invite an independent journalist to write a report about it. The Foundation opened its files to David Nevin and supported his travels to interview people who had been engaged in the project. The document that follows is based on his report; it reflects his views of the problems that developed and his conclusions about the program.

This report provides both an interesting chapter in the history of philanthropy and a stimulating insight into the dynamics of American society that are too often passed over by those whose task it is to interpret America to Americans.

Harold Howe II
Vice President for Education and Public Policy
Ford Foundation
May 1981

Prologue

I am an independent observer, not an employee of the Ford Foundation. Although the Foundation paid my expenses and a fee to write this report on the Foundation's Leadership Development Program (LDP), its conclusions are my own. My task was to describe and interpret this program in an unbiased manner, however subjective my effort might prove to be, not to evaluate the program. In a sense, however, the pages that follow cannot avoid some judgments about its achievements and problems.

First, a few basic facts. During my study of the LDP through most of 1976 and 1977, I visited extensively in each of the program's four regions—the northeastern, the southeastern, the southwestern, and the region-at-large. During that time I interviewed about a tenth of all persons who were made program fellows. I was able to examine the selection process, and I watched several individual sessions in which plans for fellowship years were developed. In time, I realized that the only important elements in the program are the fellows themselves. To an uncommon degree, they *are* the program.

The fellows I chose to interview were picked somewhat arbitrarily. While I sought out a few because of their reputations for accomplishment, I omitted others with similar reputations. I tended to concentrate on those geographic areas where a number of them lived and then to see all I could find. This procedure netted a wide variety—fellows who seemed to have done a great deal, and others who had done little during or after the program. Most former fellows were delighted to discuss their experiences; it was like reliving a bright spot in their lives. Each interview lasted from two to eight hours, and I feel that I made many friends.

The emphasis within the interviews varied because I let each fellow roam in areas that interested him or her, but I tried to build them

around three general ranges: the fellow's background before selection, his or her experiences during the fellowship year, and experiences since.

In the eleven years of its existence (1966–1977), the LDP distributed more than $11 million among some 700 fellows and, through them, touched approximately 500 communities. For most of its life, it was run directly by the Ford Foundation. Only later, as the end of Foundation financing approached, did several large segments of the LDP move outside the Foundation. The reason was to give the LDP a chance to find other funding and to continue life in one form or another. While the Foundation was still in control, LDP's northeastern region was shut down on March 1, 1975. In the South the course was different. The Southern Regional Council had agreed to support the southeastern region of the LDP in February 1974, and the following May the Center for Community Change in Washington, D.C., took charge of the Appalachian and the southwestern regions. Both conducted LDP-like activities through 1977.

The bulk of the money the program spent under Foundation auspices went directly to pay stipends to the fellows and to meet their expenses. The proportion of the money spent by the program structure varied from region to region because the Foundation representatives chosen to initiate and shape the program in each of the four regions followed different paths. All the same, the program for each fellow across the country was written for close to the $15,000 maximum, including stipends (replacements or equivalents of salary), traveling expenses, and cost-of-living differential funds to cover the difference between normal household costs at home and those in distant places.

At the beginning, the program was most generous; toward the end, inflation in both stipend needs and travel costs had reduced its scope considerably. Still, fellows managed to travel abroad and to crisscross the United States with ease.

The experimental nature of the LDP, its insistence on moving empirically, its refusal to establish firm criteria for selecting fellows resulted in almost 700 individually tailored programs for 700 separate fellows. Beyond even these individual differences, each of the four regions developed through its regional representatives its own attitudes and approaches to fit the needs it perceived. The pluralism of America is most evident in rural communities, which are preoccupied with their own affairs and reflect the national past much more accurately than do today's cities. This enormous diversity of the LDP was therefore essential to a rural program, but it also meant that the

separate regions bore relatively little resemblance to each other.

Seen as a whole, the LDP appears formless. For every direction that it took, it also seemed to take a counterdirection. Its purposes were deliberately kept imprecise, and as a result there arose a powerful urge on the part of its field managers to impose definition. But there was a counterbalancing understanding that to define it sharply would be to destroy it—or at least to make it something it was not. Perhaps its only unambiguous and unchanging aspects were that it aimed at improving rural life in America and that it bypassed institutions in favor of individual persons. This is the significance of its minimal organizational structure. One of the running arguments throughout the program's life was whether fellows provided with more extensive support from a staff would prove more effective in the long run—and at the same overall expenditure—than the large number of fellows that were chosen, each of whom had to define his or her own way at every step.

The LDP thus began with some confusion and continued to operate in some confusion. At the beginning of my work, this diversity distressed me as I struggled to get a clear view of a program that was different in every region and different for every fellow. But I came firmly to the conclusion that the application of rigid rules and criteria to any part of the program would soon have destroyed its originality.

The two key points to understand about the LDP are that it took people who would never have been touched by usual programs and that it gave them experiences that they never could have managed, or even imagined, by themselves. It expanded their understanding of the nature of modern society, reduced their insularity, and gave some of them new tools with which to work. By focusing on people from areas that are the least involved in modern life, it created bridges between their unaware communities and the modern, sophisticated, and largely urbanized nation that surrounds them.

In such a program, clear-cut success or failure is the wrong question. Rather the program seems significant for a number of reasons, and so it is important to establish a record of it. It operated on an unprovable but exciting proposition: if you provide individual persons with new tools and the skills to use them, real work will be done and changes for the better occur. The LDP thus tried to do directly and specifically what established institutions do more indirectly and generally. The difficulty of attempting to measure the results that the LDP achieved stems from LDP's aim of doing so much so broadly. Although the social utility of the LDP cannot be measured precisely, much can be said about the program and the people it touched.

Its lack of specific aims and results, of degrees awarded, courses completed, papers initialed, grades rendered, yields no statistical handle of achievement. But statistics can be mistaken for substance, and their absence for lack of substance. This was a program rich in substance. Above all, it produced a valuable national asset—700 persons, all of them self-improved through self-direction and most of them committed to improving the quality of life to some degree in their communities.

David Nevin

Embarking on an Adventure

Early in 1967, Dorothy Hassfeld, rumpled from crisscrossing Alabama and Mississippi and Georgia in her dusty Volkswagen, drove into the hamlet of Union Springs, county seat of Bullock County, Alabama, to talk to a black sixth-grade teacher named Rufus Huffman. A white woman from Ohio, Hassfeld understood the situation of blacks in Alabama through the intensity of her own feelings rather than the immediacy of her own experiences. As director of the southeastern region of the Leadership Development Program (LDP), she was searching rural schools for potential leaders who wanted to enlarge their leadership capacities. She had come to Union Springs to talk to Rufus Huffman, who had applied for a fellowship in the LDP.

ONE SMALL, BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

Huffman, a man of medium size, forty years old, exerted that combination of good sense, strength, and confidence that led others to turn to him for help and counsel and guidance. He already was a force in Bullock County's black community. The year before he had stood for tax assessor and enraged the county's white minority. The violent election campaign that followed was a good test of any black candidate's courage and determination; it also let Huffman discover if the long haul in political life really interested him.

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 had not yet taken hold, and Huffman was trounced. But he had learned something of value about himself: he was just beginning to fight.

During their first meeting, Hassfeld explained that the LDP was funded and operated by the Ford Foundation. If Huffman was selected, the program would match his salary and pay his expenses for a year of travel and experience. He could take his family along. Total costs could not exceed $15,000, which was more than three times his salary.

Hassfeld was interested in him as a teacher, and she wanted to know the areas in which he would like to increase his knowledge and experience. Well, certainly the desegregation of public schools. And learning how to present ideas visually in the classroom. During his conversation with Hassfeld, he said so little about his interest in changing the political structure of Bullock County (which is another kind of educational process) that years later she could not recall they had talked about politics at all.

As an LDP fellow, Huffman attended an education institute in Aspen, Colorado, where he learned, among other things, to build a vacuum machine for demonstrating various principles in the classroom. Later he built such a machine for use in his own school. He also spent exploratory time in New York City, partly at the Legal Defense Fund and partly in the Bedford-Stuyvesant community.

But the heart of his program was the five months he worked with Dr. Dan Dodson, then Chairman, Department of Human Relations, New York University, and a leading national consultant on school desegregation. Huffman hit it off well with Dodson, and soon he was flying about the country as intern, assistant, and friend of the NYU chairman. In Texas and Pennsylvania and Louisiana, out on Long Island, and in Newark, New Jersey, just after the riots of 1967, he sat in on conferences where members of boards of education clashed with school administrators. Gradually Huffman's perceptions broadened: he was still of Bullock County, but his attitudes toward himself and others, his understandings of how things worked, his estimates of what was possible, and his hopes and expectations of what could be accomplished were no longer confined within its boundaries.

When he went home at the end of the year, his school did not want him back. Students of Dan Dodson's techniques were not welcome in Alabama schools. But Huffman faced down the superintendent and forced his way back into his sixth-grade classroom. Six weeks later the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) in Washington overrode Governor Lurleen Wallace's veto of a twelve-county social agency that Huffman had helped propose, and Huffman left the school to organize and run the agency's credit union. Fourteen months later, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) asked Huffman to become educational director for its southeastern and southwestern regions, which together covered twelve states. He returned to New York for six weeks of orientation and then began to apply what he had learned earlier, with Dodson and from his experience of forty years in Bullock County, to problems of pushout,

discipline inequities, minority faculty hiring, and, of course, desegregation. The vacuum machine gathered ever more dust from disuse.

Huffman had come a long way from that sixth-grade classroom. Yet the next step was monumental. In the fall election of 1976, he stood for county judge—Bullock County's chief executive officer—and won election easily. He was symbolic of one of the great bloodless revolutions of modern times--the transfer of power to the majority in many southern jurisdictions long controlled by white minorities. The man whom Dorothy Hassfeld had estimated could make changes in Bullock County schools now headed the county government itself and had real power to make changes in its schools—as well as in the lives of all its people.

Today, Huffman believes that public questions should no more turn on race than they should have in the old days, when the white minority was in control of county government. Among his opponents now are those black militants who cannot move beyond race. And the white people in Bullock County, who once saw Huffman as a menace, now consider him a meliorative force. Obviously, many things are involved in this reversal of fortune in rural Alabama, the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and Huffman's own force of character chief among them, but the Leadership Development Program certainly played a part as well.

AN IDEA: EDUCATION FOR LEADERSHIP

The Leadership Development Program was conceived in 1965 by Edward J. Meade, Jr., an officer of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which served as the education arm of the Ford Foundation from 1951 to 1969. Meade had had experience with a number of fellowship programs, and the Foundation had long felt that it needed more opportunities to work with individuals. In 1964 he had designed the Washington Internships in Education (now called the Education Policy Fellowship Program), administered by the Institute for Educational Leadership (IEL), in Washington, D.C. Originally, these internships brought young educators to the nation's capital for a year to work as aides to national policy makers in education. The program also included a series of seminars that helped put their work experiences into perspective. Many of these interns stayed in Washington and provided a new vein of leadership; others went home with newly sophisticated views of the interactions among federal, state, and local governments that would become increasingly important to public schools. (More recently, IEL has organized similar programs in various states.)

The Fund had decided in 1961 to find ways to improve the quality of rural schools in America. By the mid-sixties, rural affairs seemed neglected as the nation's attention and effort were increasingly taken up with its troubled cities. Moreover, the impoverishment of established leadership in the 1960s was evident: the old ways were not working, and the bumpy course of the new ways was not yet apparent. Everywhere around the country, leadership was failing in schools, communities, and institutions.

Late in 1965, Meade presented to Fund officials the broad outline of an effort aimed at nurturing educational leadership in rural communities. The officials agreed to move ahead and set aside funds to enable Meade to assess fellowship possibilities in the context of furthering rural leadership. Since most traditional approaches seemed lacking, Meade concluded that a different kind of fellowship was called for.

In 1966, Meade was named to a Presidential task force to Vietnam, led by John Gardner, then Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW). On the long flight over, the two men fell into a conversation about leadership in America. Gardner had earlier written an essay about what he called "the antileadership vaccine" being injected in youth throughout the country. He believed that "we are immunizing a high proportion of our most gifted people against any tendencies to leadership." Instead, he said, they are being educated in American colleges and by the directions of society toward narrow expertise. Gardner criticized those who "envision a world that does not need leaders, only experts." Leadership, on the other hand, helps a people focus on the cherished "shared attitudes, habits, and values" of their society.

Meade came home from his trip to Vietnam full of ideas. He now saw more clearly the need for a program that would focus on the individual person, be set in a rural context, have a broad and probably nonacademic approach, and reach beyond established social and economic patterns. Most of all he was convinced that young people who lived at or below the poverty line must have the possibility of individual growth through intense personal experience in situations that they could never create on their own. He was outlining the basic principles of what would later be called the Leadership Development Program.

The program would search out potential leaders in education and give them practical experience with acknowledged leaders in their fields; it would expand the scope of the Washington internships. At the same time, the program would avoid educating fellows narrowly

toward expertise instead of leadership. Although the fellows chosen for the program might go to school, they would be encouraged to do more. "We weren't sure yet," Meade said, "what the 'more' we could give them would be, but we knew there were lots of things more useful than just college for the people we were seeking." The search would thus be for people whose potential was heretofore unrecognized, for people who could develop and who might become leaders. Meade thought of the program administrators as acting like baseball scouts.

> You know, the baseball scout goes around these little towns and what's he looking for? For the left-handed pitcher, the fastballer, the kid with that little spark of something extra. So we were looking for the left-handed pitcher, the potential leader who still lacked the tools of leadership. We could help him get the tools.
>
> Our earliest criteria were tilted toward youth, minorities, and women; they did not rule out academic experience but tried to encourage something more. And certainly we wanted the fellows to go home when the year was done.

From the start, then, the way was open for potential leaders in the community who were not in the schools. "We avoided defining what we meant by people in education," Meade said. "Teachers, sure, but there are other kinds of people adept at educating."

The LDP was unique in several ways, but its most distinctive feature was that it limited itself to people without credentials: almost the only thing certain to bar a candidate in any region was overqualification. Persons holding doctorates were soon eliminated from competition; grass-roots leaders were acceptable, established leaders were less so. Even candidates whom regional selection committees judged to be so bright and able that they would be achievers with or without the program were not likely to be considered further. Instead, the program aimed at persons who seemed to have potential but had little way of realizing it, who had not yet achieved in any substantial manner, and who might well not do so without the program's help. In short, the program sought leadership development—not leadership expansion or training or improvement.

Ralph G. Bohrson, who eventually managed the program, aptly described the candidates sought by LDP.

> We looked for people who had been filtered out instead of in. The function of a university is to filter in—but those who interested us probably wouldn't have fitted in a great university. They weren't credentialed people. But it should be possible for people to qualify by experience, even by ability. We were looking for a whole different set of

credentials—clear commitment, local leadership, real interaction with the community.

Once the program was conceived, there was a sudden urgency to get it moving before the Fund and Foundation were fully merged, which occurred in 1969. As a bright mark in its waning days, the Fund would welcome a good new program dealing with individuals.

The board of the Fund accepted the concept and the plan to use the Southeast as a test region, but it was concerned that the program not be presented solely as a civil rights program, or one aimed only at blacks. So another region was added—the Northeast, covering the upper tier of New England. In 1966 Fund directors approved $500,000 to begin a test program and to select the first fellows.

FILLING IN THE PICTURE: FIRST TOUCHES

To put the program in motion, Meade needed to hire a pair of field directors, who would officially be known as regional representatives (and soon, more familiarly, as "regional reps"), who would in turn search out and propose fellows for the LDP. Meade turned for advice and counsel to two senior figures in education in whom he knew the board of the Fund would have immediate confidence.

In the Northeast, Dana Cotton, Director of Placement, Harvard Graduate School of Education, recommended Peter Briggs, Director of Freshman Admissions, Harvard College. Briggs was thirty-three, a lean, crisp New Englander, a man who seemed quintessentially an establishmentarian. He had grown up around Boston, summered in Maine where his great-grandfather had been governor, and had been in the Admissions Office at Harvard for nine years. He was restless. What he really wanted was to head a good private school, but the leadership program excited him and would provide also a meaningful commitment in the interim. Briskly he began to shape his role and organize his region.

In the Southeast, Meade turned to Ben Gibson, a vice-president of the College Entrance Examination Board, who soon discovered Dorothy Hassfeld. She was thirty, a restless, searching person—emotional and enthusiastic. Originally from Toledo, she was a teacher who had served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Nigeria. She had returned to the classroom, undertaken work in graduate school, and then accepted a southern-based fellowship, which was followed by an internship at Alabama A&M, a black college at Huntsville. When Gibson found her, she was there, helping to write grant proposals. At first stunned by Gibson's offer to run the southeastern region as representative of the

LDP, she finally agreed to come to Atlanta to meet Meade. She expected foundation people to be stuffy, but he was easy and friendly—a public school person like herself. So she took the job.

As the first two regional reps, Briggs and Hassfeld inevitably set the tone for the actual programs in the field, even though neither remained in the job much longer than the first year and both were followed by men with ideas of their own. Both were under pressure to produce fellows with minimal direction or assistance. Each moved in such different directions that the only similarity between them was that both sought teachers.

Meanwhile the Ford Foundation, which was beginning to absorb the Fund for the Advancement of Education, created a new Division of Education and Research. Meade took charge of the new Division's Public Education Program. Since he would be too busy to manage the new fellowship program, he turned to Ralph G. Bohrson.

Bohrson was thirty-eight years old. He had headed a Fund-supported project aimed at small schools in five small Colorado school districts, which by 1961 had evolved into the Western Small Schools Project, serving schools in Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah. The superintendent of one of the rural districts was Paul Nachtigal, who would play a key role in the LDP. The Western States project was incorporated into the $30 million Comprehensive School Improvement Program (CSIP), which Meade had assembled for the Foundation. In 1965, Meade asked Bohrson to become a full-time consultant to the Fund and to monitor all of the twenty-five CSIP projects.

It was natural for Meade to ask Bohrson in late 1966 to take over the LDP as a Foundation program officer. Bohrson agreed, provided he could open a region in the Southwest, where he knew that poverty and school problems were severe. From then on, Bohrson administered the LDP. It was shaped in action and by regions headed by the regional reps, but all operational decisions were made by Bohrson. "I had the crude picture of the program," Meade said, "but it was Bohrson who filled it out."

The regional reps were employees of the Ford Foundation, though the Foundation limited their authority solely to the Leadership Development Program. From the beginning it was obvious that the reps would make or break the program. "We are embarking on an adventure," Meade said. "The program would have to make it pretty much on the initiative of the regional reps, because we couldn't define it from New York."

From the beginning, Briggs operated through school systems. His aim was to improve education, not to change it radically. He focused on northern Vermont and the St. John Valley in northern Maine—both had heavy concentrations of French-speaking people, and both were very poor. Potatoes were the basic economy in the St. John Valley, and schools let out at digging time. When the young people of the valley grew up, they left it because there was nothing to hold them there. Briggs thought (and hoped) that "if the people selected would go back to the communities, then the school, the communities, and the horizons of the kids would change a lot. Local people would begin to get self-confidence."

Briggs thus raised the question that engaged all regions—whether assurance the grantee would return to his or her region should be a condition for receiving a grant. The program finally decided it would be a moral infringement to keep a fellow from seeking bigger things, but that did not keep all regions from counting determination to return to the region as an important criterion for selection.

Although the LDP throughout its history continually formulated new criteria, Briggs early decided that he wanted "people with a good idea and with a good reason for taking a year off—and a feeling that that reason would benefit the school." Each prospective fellow was expected to have a project in his field aimed at something definite that could be translated into action in his school or community.

Briggs spread the word through schools of education, state education departments, district superintendents' offices. He sent flyers to schools throughout his focus area and gave newspaper and radio interviews. Because he had consolidated his position with the education establishment and traveled with an aura of Harvard about him, schools welcomed him as an important figure.

More than 250 applications came in, the largest number any region ever received in a year, and created severe management problems. Thereafter regional reps tried to recruit only manageable numbers of candidates. Briggs eliminated half as overqualified. When eighteen fellows finally were selected for the 1967–1968 academic year, Briggs came face to face with the next problem. What should they actually *do* on their fellowship year? The fellows themselves had no way of knowing, nor did he. "It was really difficult," he said. "I didn't know what was being done in all these fields. That was a weakness the first year."

Briggs's fellows were more academic than most of those chosen across the years. One, for example, wanted to analyze the relationship between the French spoken in northern Maine and that spoken in Louisiana. None was allowed to go only to graduate school, but most managed to get in some graduate credits. Typically, the first fellows in all regions wanted graduate credit to increase their teaching incomes.

The Southeastern Region and Dorothy Hassfeld

Meanwhile in the Southeast, the civil rights movement was at a peak of excitement. Although Dorothy Hassfeld had not been part of the movement, all of her sympathies were with it. Naturally she saw her program as part of it, or at least as a potentially valuable resource to it. She was unsure how to begin, though, for the southern education establishment was not dealing with the people she wanted to reach. She saw Ralph McGill, the liberal editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* and a member of the Fund's board, but she felt they were not talking about the same things.

She decided to begin with the poorest counties and work up. Quickly she found that local school administrators saw the program as a threat. Flyers sent to every county superintendent in her area and to every principal and curriculum person in the poorest counties produced only forty-seven inquiries and three completed applications. Obviously she would have to go out and find her fellows, but this proved to be difficult for a northern woman with no southern connections. "I slowed down my speech as much as I could, but it wasn't enough," she said.

She began scouting for individuals who in one way or another had attracted attention. She remembers Rufus Huffman as a teacher, but certainly he originally drew attention for what he had done in the community, not in the schools. Indeed, at that time black teachers in southern schools had been able to do little. When Huffman had tried to promote changes in the 1950s, he and his wife were banished from the system. They then taught in neighboring Georgia, to which they commuted for nearly a decade. Active recruiting raised new questions of responsibility, for people who accepted a fellowship risked losing their jobs, as Huffman had.

Interested as she was in social action, Dorothy Hassfeld would have resisted the later move of the LDP away from schools. Her idea, she said, "was to find people who could make kids' time more valuable." That meant that she had to see them in action, and she drove furiously about her four states, following one lead after another. Once, visiting a

Mississippi teacher, she found the woman cutting out paper fish to decorate the room while the children sat and watched. That teacher's candidacy ended on the spot.

The fellows she eventually chose, of whom exactly half were white, were people with skills well below those whom Briggs chose in the Northeast. But a surprising number, like Rufus Huffman, have become powers in their communities and their schools.

The Southwestern Region and David Grant

Meanwhile, Ralph Bohrson had gotten the southwestern region authorized and open. For the new regional rep, Bohrson wanted an indigenous Chicano—but one "who could live with the Foundation."

Bohrson chose David Grant, who was thirty-seven and, despite his name, a Chicano—a man intensely dedicated to his region and his culture. His grandfather was a Polish Jew who had come out from St. Joseph, Missouri, in a wagon in 1880 and married a Spanish woman. His father ran a state normal school at El Rito, high in the remote mountains of northern New Mexico. The students were mostly Chicanos, training to teach in tiny mountain schools. Grant went on to college and the city, but he never lost his feelings for the mountains and their people. He taught in a junior high school in Santa Fe and became principal after nine years. When his superintendent arranged a doctoral fellowship for him at Columbia University, Grant accepted. Two years later, with his course work done and his dissertation unfinished, he became personnel director of public schools in Kenosha, Wisconsin—a long way from the sunshine of Santa Fe. In two more years he was home, working unhappily in a new Regional Education Laboratory, where he was when Bohrson found him in March 1967.

With the other regions well under way, Bohrson was anxious that the Southwest put fellows in the field in the first academic year, and Grant plunged into the new task. His region reached from Texas to Utah, more than 1700 miles from end to end, and getting around it rapidly was impossible. He opened an office in Albuquerque and from the beginning tended to judge fellows largely on the basis of their applications. Those who showed promise he brought before a selection committee he had formed for a high-pressure and, he hoped, revealing interview. Like Briggs, he worked through state education departments and state teacher associations, but he depended mainly on a mass mailing to every school district in the region.

Fifty-seven persons applied, and that fall, haggard with the effort, he had seventeen fellows in the field.

Reflecting its original focus on teachers, the program used the 1967–1968 academic year as the fellowship term. But as it soon appeared that few teachers had either the opportunities or the personal qualities to make real changes, the program became interested in rural people of any age or background who might be able to change their communities for the better. Eventually, even candidates who were teachers were assessed largely for how they might affect broad communities and school districts. Toward the end, successful candidates tended to be community organizers. Some fellowships were given for as little as three months, some for well beyond a year on a part-time basis, and some were written to allow fellows weekend training experiences while they held regular weekday jobs.

The Region-at-Large and Paul Nachtigal

Although the LDP had been conceived as a national program aimed at rural America, by late 1967 it operated in three principal regions—the Southwest, the Northeast, and the Southeast. By the following year there was talk of opening more regions—Ozarkia, Appalachia, perhaps Puerto Rico, perhaps even an urban program. Finally, the program settled for adding one more region—the region-at-large. It took in everything in the contiguous United States, plus Alaska, which the other regions left out. In practice, however, it focused on poor whites in Southern Appalachia and the American Indian community. Eventually, when the LDP was approaching its end, the region-at-large split into the Southern Appalachian Leadership Training program (SALT) and a program at the National Indian Training and Research Center at Tempe, Arizona.

Despite its physical size, the region-at-large functioned as a stepchild to the defined regions. They were allowed to choose twenty fellows each year, while the new region was limited to ten. And the new region's mandate was purposely looser: it was expected to be experimental and to reach beyond the ranks of teachers.

To serve as regional rep, Bohrson chose Paul Nachtigal, with whom he had worked for many years in Colorado. Nachtigal was a Kansas Mennonite who had spent two years in a Denver hospital in alternative service as a conscientious objector to the Korean War. Afterward he took the superintendency of a tiny mountain school district, which became part of the Foundation's Western States project. When the region-at-large opened in early 1968 at half the level of the other regions, Nachtigal, then thirty-eight, devoted half his time to it. The other half was spent in monitoring the Foundation's Comprehensive

School Improvement Program. He continued to live in Denver. It was a useful arrangement, but it meant that Nachtigal was always more identified with the Foundation than with the program.

He began very slowly, and his emphasis was always on finding interesting people whose personal qualities seemed worth a considerable gamble. In his first year of operation he chose only two fellows, and neither were teachers. In this quiet way he began choosing fewer educators, a policy that eventually characterized the whole program.

SOME CHANGES OF DIRECTION

After its rather frantic beginning, the program settled down and began to mature. There were two important personnel changes at the end of the first year. In the Northeast, Briggs resigned to become headmaster of a private school—as he indicated he hoped to do from the beginning—and turned the region over to Paul Judkins, Business Manager, the University of Maine at Farmington. Judkins had served on an advisory selection committee that Briggs had formed and had earlier been at Harvard in a fellowship program, where Briggs first met him. He seemed the classic Maine man—calm, solid, sensible, unpretentious. Although he developed his own methods, he began, for the sake of continuity, by following Briggs's approach.

In the Southeast, Dorothy Hassfeld was exhausted and felt she was carrying the weight of the program on her shoulders without gaining ground. She felt that she was no longer effective, that the Foundation did not understand the problems, and that she could not define them persuasively. After a bit more than a year, she resigned. To succeed her, the Foundation chose a charismatic man named K.Z. Chavis, who chooses to be called by his initials. He was the program's only black regional rep.

Chavis was an activist. He had been a teacher, a principal, an education analyst and innovator, an army officer, a paratrooper. He was a combat veteran, a boxer, a motorcyclist, a pilot, and a rhetorician of genuine talent. Chavis was just the man to suit the activist time in the South, and he had a clear vision of how to shape the program to serve a region that was awakening for white as well as for black people.

With Chavis aboard, the LDP was intact; there were no further changes among regional reps throughout its life. It was now a couple of years old, operating fully with a hundred-odd fellows. Almost all of the fellows chosen thus far were teachers. Overall, they tried to seek out a variety of experiences, but most managed—despite admonitions from New York—to do graduate work as well.

Gradually the program's administration settled down. Bohrson concerned himself chiefly with the ideas and the operational issues the program raised, while his colleague, Nancy Dennis, developed a system to monitor the spending of roughly a million dollars a year. But there were inherent conflicts between the imaginative innovation required of Bohrson and even the most thoughtful accountability. An analogous tension—this one between desirable possibilities and workable choices—arose between the New York headquarters and the field offices. Although Bohrson refused to define the program sharply, there were Foundation interests and concerns that he wanted to be reflected in its operation, particularly an emphasis on including more minorities and women. Regional reps found themselves pressed indirectly, and resentment arose. While the selection of fellows was left to the regions, the proposal for the fellowship year had to be submitted to the Foundation for approval, for the ultimate agreement was between the individual fellow and the Foundation.

Into this situation came the Tax Reform Act of 1969, which among other things dealt in detail with individual fellowship programs funded by foundations. This portion of the act probably was aimed primarily at the Ford Foundation, which was acutely aware of its implications. Some felt initially that the new law might doom the program, but considerable study showed that it could survive with some adjustments.

The central adjustment was the formation in 1970 of regional selection committees vested with the legal authority to choose fellows. In fact, most of the regions had had advisory selection committees, but now these groups made the final choices. Regional reps took applications, interviewed candidates, eliminated those obviously not qualified, and brought everyone else before the committees. In time, committees became so independent that they strongly resisted even recommendations from the staff side. Members of the regional selection committees were paid $50–$75 per day, plus expenses, and took their duties very seriously. They operated differently in each region, and committees varied from four to twenty members.

The Foundation interpreted federal tax law as requiring it to keep an accounting of the money each of the fellows spent as expenses. A specific budget was written for each fellow giving him a stipend consistent with what he had made the year prior to the beginning of the fellowship, plus travel expenses and a cost-of-living differential. Then, each fellow was expected to document, day by day, all expenditures as apportioned. This procedure created serious—and

unnecessary—problems because the very people the LDP aimed to enroll were those likely to have the least skills in keeping expense accounts. After three months in a strange city, a fellow often couldn't say precisely how and where the money went. But a fellow, having lived there for three months, say, as specified in the fellowship plan, must have spent the money generally as budgeted.

Difficulties for the fellows arose from certain provisions of the federal income tax law. Expense monies not adequately documented could be considered income, and thus subject to federal income tax. To be on the safe side, the Foundation went one step further. It demanded that fellows *return* all expense money for which there was no acceptable documentation of its having been spent as authorized. Naturally, the fellows saw this policy as unfair and resisted it, but as of this writing, the Foundation still maintains open books on many of the former LDP fellows. This dunning of former fellows, many of whom have returned to life near or at the poverty level, for money that probably was spent properly enough, seems a curious bureaucratic excess. For some fellows there is thus an unpleasant aftertaste to a program whose participants generally applaud its intentions and its results.

By 1970, the struggle to define the program was growing acute. Bohrson and his colleagues, who knew better what they did not want than what they wanted, sent instructions from New York that were often framed in the form of negatives. All the regional reps felt this pressure, but in the Southwest, Grant found it particularly galling. His dislike of criticism—especially without warning—was unusually intense. He found that while Foundation staff people gave him little direction, they carped freely at what he did. Until the program ended, he consistently refused (being also a man with a mind of his own) to see his program as one designed exclusively for Chicanos and Indians. Indeed, he didn't know the Foundation so regarded it until the first cohort of fellows he recommended turned out to have mostly Anglo-American names. Down came the questions. "What are all those Anglos doing in the program?" Grant was keenly distressed at being sent out on his own and then, unfairly he thought, criticized for his results.

From Schools to Communities

From the start, Meade had assumed that the details of the program would shake themselves out quickly, but they did not. It would have been easy enough, of course, if everyone had been content to choose bright young teachers and make better teachers of them. But that

certainly was too limited a goal; everyone wanted to reach beyond the obvious. Furthermore, it was becoming clear that teachers, no matter how excellent, had relatively little impact on schools and almost none on communities. Judkins observed that when he began in the program he thought of the school as a crystal ball of the community—but he soon found that it was really a mirror, something Chavis perceived from the beginning. Increasingly, reps came to feel that if you want to change schools, especially in tight, poor, unprogressive little towns, you had better change the towns themselves. The real arena was the community.

This feeling grew firmer when the program engaged a psychologist named Douglas Derrer from Yale University. His first assignment was to try to formulate goals and evaluate leadership. It was immediately obvious to him that he could not assess fellows without knowing the clear-cut expectations the program had of them. But this lack of a base for precise measurement didn't bother Meade. He intended the program to be for individuals, not institutions. If there was institutional fallout, so much the better. But the real issue was to see that individuals had solid and useful experiences. If they did, surely some good would follow; perhaps that was all anyone could ask. Frustrated, Derrer urged distinct criteria and goals; Grant seconded him vigorously. The problem was that authoritative definition certainly would have implied limits, and the narrowness of strict limitations was just what everyone was trying to avoid. Here was a program that could expose people to a range of experience that was limited only by their imaginations; and it came just at a time when new ways and experiments were welcome. It did not seem the time to start building fences around the program, for whatever reason.

The program began turning away from schools, toward the community. This shift apparently emerged spontaneously in the Southeast, where Chavis responded to the immense opportunities of the newly opening racial situation, and in Southern Appalachia, where Nachtigal despaired of having any impact on schools. In both regions schools are integral parts of a locality's entrenched political structure. Anyone proposing change is soon got rid of; teaching positions are handed out as political rewards. Nachtigal immediately began to chooose community activists for LDP fellowships.

But it was Nachtigal's experience in the American Indian community that led him to question most seriously the basic direction of the program. Of all those chosen, these fellows were least adept at filling out expense accounts. Yet it was just such people, he thought, whom a

program such as this should be reaching. Not only Indians, of course; every community has people who have great promise but for whom life is full of risks.

It was a strapping Sioux Indian who finally persuaded Nachtigal that the program should support high-risk fellows. As an inmate of the Idaho State Penitentiary, this Sioux had done an outstanding job of organizing other Indian inmates in a dance group and an extensive study program. He had been in and out of institutions, usually assisted by alcohol, for most of his life. This time he was serving five years for auto theft—the result of a disastrous drinking bout and a fight after which he fled in a friend's truck, only to have the friend charge theft.

The Sioux was a success, a proven leader in a tough environment. With help, he might turn into an immensely useful figure. Nachtigal took a deep breath and arranged an LDP fellowship for him. The man had conceived the idea that only a college degree would let him do the work he envisioned, and he would accept no direction. With none of the required background he enrolled in a college and was immediately in trouble.

The program paid expense money quarterly, and the lump payment flowed instantly through his fingers. The pressures that had previously turned him to alcohol were multiplied in a college atmosphere, and he was often drunk. Foundation officials had trouble grasping him and the magnitude of his problems. Nachtigal struggled to keep up with him, but soon the inevitable happened—the man dropped out of sight and his fellowship ended. Although Nachtigal searched for him, he was gone.

Some Social and Occupational Puzzles

This failure bothered Nachtigal. Wasn't that strapping Sioux from the Idaho State Penitentiary just the sort of fellow whom the LDP should be reaching? Although the LDP was in principle interested in poor people, in practice it aimed straight at the middle class. It sought relatively educated people and gave them experiences with other educated people. It responded to the ability to write a program proposal well, to a crisp presentation before a middle-class selection committee, to the ability to account neatly for every penny spent. But there were many programs that rewarded such middle-class values. The LDP should be reaching for something more. Perhaps a program that understood the big Sioux and could work directly with his problems—one that was much less centered on self-direction and had much more staff assistance—could have freed his capacities and put them to use. In May

1971, Nachtigal wrote a memo on "the need to question whether or not our concepts of leadership, whether stated or implied, are even valid for the poor or for different ethnic groups."

All this came to a head at a staff meeting in New York, where Nachtigal ran into instant opposition from Chavis. Unlike Nachtigal, Chavis had come from a desperately poor background. He had watched his father struggle to feed his family, and he himself had fought his way to success in the army and in education. He saw nothing wrong with middle-class goals and believed that poor people uniformly seek that kind of success. He was reaching people who had a chance to improve their lot and their communities—a chance that had not existed in the South in a century and had never existed there for blacks. Blacks were beginning to take power in Southern communities, and the help they needed was to adjust to their new circumstances. Chavis held the floor for a long time; when he sat down, it was clear that there would be no such radical change in the southeastern region.

For the moment, Nachtigal's proposal went no further. To pursue it would have meant drastic restructuring of the program's approach, with more money devoted to staff assistance and correspondingly less to the fellows themselves. Yet the effect of the meeting was to start the program on the turn that eventually dominated it. And Nachtigal's ideas ultimately saw light in the Southern Appalachian Leadership Training program (SALT).

Change was coming more rapidly in the South than elsewhere because of the civil rights movement. But it was also coming most slowly in conservative rural communities that lacked resources to make change. They lacked economic resources, but even more they lacked resources of ideas, imagination, awareness—and particularly of individuals who could supply these qualities. For both these reasons, the early emphasis of the LDP on recruiting teachers made the program less effective than it might otherwise have been.

In its broadest reaches, the teaching profession does not usually attract individuals committed self-consciously to working for broad social change. Instead, the profession rewards those who recognize and accept limits; for, in the main, teachers must learn to make their way in a tight structure that isolates them in classrooms and can put them at risk of losing everything for even the most modest agitation or protest. The Rufus Huffmans are exceptions. Indeed, Huffman's later career demonstrates that he continued as a teacher only so long as blacks were effectively barred from broader leadership roles in society.

Chavis's reaction was to look outside the school establishment for

people who showed promise of bringing to their communities ideas and information that could be seen as education on a broad scale. An example was another of the program's great successes—Charles Smith of Lowndes County, Alabama.

In his fifties when he joined the LDP in 1970, Smith was a farmer and shipfitter who was highly respected in the black community. He had been a central figure in rallying the community behind leadership of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) when it came to Lowndes County. Smith was interested in running for the school board and sought an LDP fellowship to equip himself. After a year of travel, though, he concluded that the real power in schools lay in the Commissioners Court, which runs the county on a quasi-legislative basis with the county judge. Smith went home, ran for one of the four seats, was elected, and now represents his end of the county. Like Huffman, Smith has helped bring great change to all the people of his area.

Chavis did not, however, abandon teachers. Until the end, the LDP remained wide open to educators, but it gradually became equally open to a variety of activists—at first on a case-by-case basis, later as a matter of policy. The other regions followed readily enough what now became Bohrson's instructions. Both Grant and Judkins found the shift compatible, and the program moved forward on an ad hoc basis, region by region, its ambiguity both an opportunity and a burden. Probably it was this central ambiguity that allowed the regions to develop so independently.

MARCHING TO DIFFERENT DRUMMERS

However prescriptive or negative the communications from the Foundation may have seemed to regional reps, these calls, letters, and instructions from New York failed to distract any of the reps from administering the LDP with a cadence that reflected each rep's regional—and personal—attitudes and outlooks. This regional independence—partly granted, partly won—thus meant that each region marched to its own distinctive rhythm.

In the Southeast with K.Z. Chavis

The southeastern region was limited to four states—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, with the regional office in Atlanta. (At the very end Arkansas and North Carolina were added.) There was always an excitement about the region, an open, fast-moving, ambitious quality. It chose more fellows, devised more ambitious fellowship

experiences, branched more quickly into community life, and had many more obvious successes among its fellows than the other regions. Chavis built an active six-person staff and used consultants as well. Several times a year he held big regional meetings, to which he invited fellows, former fellows, and all sorts of resource people, paying everyone's expenses. He traveled constantly and was available day and night by telephone to fellows and former fellows. Wherever he went, he checked in with the fellows there, listened to their troubles, advised them, put them in touch with resource people who could help. His structure was much larger and more complicated than those of other regions, and therefore considerably more expensive. But Chavis always believed the trade-off was worthwhile.

For all his ebullience and activity, Chavis was cautious. He knew the antagonisms that change produced in the South and had had his clashes with Klansmen. While Briggs and Judkins were spreading the word on the program through radio stations, Chavis, who refused all interviews and all advertisements, limited himself to a brochure and relied mainly on word-of-mouth recruiting.

He also was at pains to see that his program did not take on racial overtones. There were always white fellows as well as black, and white selection committee members working with black members, all interviewing all candidates without reference to race. Chavis rejected the idea that only a black could really understand a black. As black militancy arose, many Southern blacks exhibited a hatred for whites that Chavis never allowed to infect the LDP. He forced blacks to work with whites as well as whites with blacks, and one significant effect was the number of angry, militant blacks who learned not to generalize about whites.

Although Chavis was naturally part of the civil rights movement, the program was not subordinate to it; nor was it intended to supply people or resources for aims other than its own. Yet the program served an immensely important role in the movement. All over the South blacks who had had little opportunity to train for such roles were becoming principals and administrators. Many hardly knew where to start, and their failure rate was high—a fact that some in the white community used to justify the old order of things. The southeastern region of the LDP managed to give such people a chance to intern with skilled managers around the country and to learn the problems administrators face and to practice techniques for solving them. The region has contributed to the success of many black administrators in schools and other institutions.

In Southern Appalachia the sense of oppression was strong, as it is today. But the difference is that the people of the region see no light ahead. There, the coal and other financial interests combine with a complaisant power structure. There is a persuasive, dull bitterness edged with despair and a deep suspicion that outsiders, and even their own people, come with selfish interests. From harsh experience they know that many of their own people can be bought and that those they choose as leaders may soon betray them. Nachtigal, representing a foundation whose name is best known there as that of an oppressive corporation, found the going slow.

He approached the region through Berea College in Kentucky, that remarkable center of ideas on mountain life and folkways. There he met a twenty-two-year-old graduating student named James Branscome, who had turned down a doctoral fellowship on the theory that advanced degrees did not promote change in Appalachia. Nachtigal shared the feeling and found in Branscome the makings of a powerful regional theorist filled (as he remains today) with smoldering anger. Branscome gave him a quick education in powerlessness, degradation, sorrow, and the contrast between the yearning of Appalachians to control their lives and their captivity by political and economic interests. Branscome in turn immediately liked Nachtigal, and Nachtigal later handled himself well on a tour of the mountains; the people accepted him, which is unusual. Branscome became the region's first fellow, and the pattern of selecting teachers was broken.

Nachtigal's four-member selection committee lived and met in Denver, relying on written applications. Nachtigal found fellows often by chance, and it was not possible to keep close contact with them during their fellowship year. He chose a few teachers, especially among Indians, but most of his Appalachian fellows were community activists, musicians, strip-mine opponents, defenders of people with black lung, poverty workers, farmers, miners, communications specialists, poets.

Nachtigal saw a distinct relationship between the problems of Indians and those of Appalachians. Both groups were oppressed, and he tended to equate the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) with the coal industry. In the Southwest, by contrast, David Grant believed that the BIA was a key force in advancing the welfare of Indians. For years one of his most dedicated selection committee members was an officer of the BIA.

In the Southwest with David Grant

In the southwestern region the fellows whom Grant sought were poor but, except for Chicanos in Texas, not oppressed. Grant saw no common enemy; there was not even an obvious solution to their problems. The radical element among Chicanos and southwestern Indians seemed to tilt at windmills. It was a calm region filled with people who were trying to make their way in difficult circumstances, and the program Grant devised was aimed at helping them in that task.

Although Grant defended himself with agility, New York was always pressing him. It wanted more blacks—but Grant knew there were few blacks in the Southwest. It wanted more women—but Grant believed that for cultural reasons few Chicanas would apply. Then recruit more vigorously, said New York. But Grant did not believe recruiting was effective in his gigantic region.

He continued to work through schools because he believed that the only way to advance in the region was through established institutions, particularly schools. His fellows' experiences were structured internships in various institutions and movements about the country from which they could learn how the system worked. He did not train rebels; he trained technicians who could turn institutions in directions that would help the whole region. His view of the success that might be taken home to local areas was not to overturn the power structures there but to devise a program that would bring in money and ideas and thus would gradually improve the quality of life. He had himself grown up near Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico. Revolution was not what people needed or wanted. What they needed was to learn enough about a complex society's institutions to have some say in their own future.

He was adamant about this. No number of restless Foundation officers could prove him wrong or change his mind.

In Upper New England with Paul Judkins

In the upper tier of New England, Paul Judkins's perception of the situation was not unlike Grant's of the Southwest. He was amused at the very idea of oppression. There was some discrimination against speakers of French, and certainly the region was afflicted with a weak economy, inadequate and easily bought legislators, and a deeply conservative approach to social action. But no oppression.

Indeed, when Judkins took over the northeastern region—Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire—he had no clear sense of special

problems to attack. In time, he saw himself as his region's foremost fellow and became very liberal and socially minded. But he still was not very radical, nor did he see a place for radicalism. He saw his role as helping teachers improve what they did and, later, helping educators develop community programs. Most of his fellows were people who operated within ongoing structures.

Tracking the Fastballers

The pool of applicants for the LDP was always small. Accepting a fellowship implied some risk, and a grant was unlikely to do much for a teacher's income. Probably the ambiguity of the program's aims and the uncertainty of the experience envisioned were daunting to the less adventurous. It also was difficult to spread the word about the program, for its concept did not fit typical slots in education. On the other hand, the program could not handle large numbers, for it was always seen as highly personal and interactive. In the Northeast and Southeast, for example, regional reps tried to interview every candidate on his or her home ground, which meant a great deal of difficult travel. For those who did apply, the chances of acceptance were good—approximately one in four.

All regions found recruiting difficult. In the region-at-large, Paul Nachtigal made little effort to broadcast. He followed networks in the mountains and in the Indian community, went to conferences, and spread the word verbally. When he heard of a likely candidate he sent a letter, but he would not visit without some expression of interest. The other reps produced brochures and sent them to schools and agencies.

After the first couple of years, recruiting depended increasingly on word-of-mouth contacts and on fellows urging likely candidates to apply. This self-perpetuating quality may have tended to produce people like those who had gone before, but it also may have provided some pre-selectivity. Almost two-thirds of the fellows I met had heard of the program from another fellow. The remainder had seen a brochure or heard of the program from school principals or employers.

SELECTION COMMITTEES AT WORK

The role of the reps was to find applicants, interview them, and present them to the committee. The reps made factual comments, but the

committees were quick to resist any attempt to influence them. Each committee was chosen by the rep, not by the Foundation. All the committees looked to the rep as the leader; none of the committees interacted with other committees. The committee had no other purpose or agenda, and met only to select fellows for its region.

There were no rules for the size or operation of the committees. Nachtigal had four members who met at his house for dinner twice a year. Grant started with about a dozen people on his committee, decided that this large group intimidated rural candidates, and let it shrink to a basic four. Judkins had a slightly larger group that met regularly. Chavis had a large committee on which members changed frequently and included former fellows.

All qualified applicants came to a selection committee meeting. Committees often met several times in different cities, usually in a hotel. I observed selection meetings in the Southwest and Southeast. In both I thought that the members were extremely diligent but that their choices were subjective and haphazard.

The committee of the Southwestern region met to interview ten candidates in the living room of a hotel suite in Albuquerque. The candidates came in singly and took the grilling chair. The four committee members were from all four states in the region and included a black, a white, a Chicano, and an Indian woman; three of the four were school administrators. One of the members generally knew the community situation from which each candidate had come, sometimes better than the candidate.

The questions ranged around the personal experiences and attitudes of the candidates and their awareness of community problems. Generally the questioning was friendly, and members went to some lengths to put the candidates at ease. Some questioning, though, seemed close to entrapment, and some featured heavy-handed curbstone psychology that baffled and irritated the candidates subjected to it. On the whole, the candidates were surprisingly self-assured. This probably served them well, for the committee was less interested in specific accomplishments or plans than in how impressive a person the candidate was.

The meeting I attended in the southeastern region saw more people in a more complex way, but its members asked questions similar to those asked in Albuquerque. Each candidate had a variety of interviews with individual committee members and with two members sitting as a team. Two short interviews were especially interesting. One was ostensibly a picture-taking session conducted by

Joe Poston, a former fellow, who studied personnel training during his year. Some fellows realized that this was an interview; others did not. The other short interview was conducted by Bob Mants, who spent a year as an organizer for SNCC on the spearpoint of confrontation in the South. Mants favors an aggressive brand of questioning. His questions often took a strong civil rights flavor, thrust most aggressively at black candidates, but the approach was never governed by civil rights issues. The dominant issue was involvement with community.

The candidate who could not discuss his or her community cogently was likely to be dropped. Those who had not thought through what they hoped to accomplish and what good it might do were exposed quickly, though not unkindly, and often the sessions took the form of helping them see the issues before them. The capacity to develop a rational plan seemed more important than whether the plan had been developed. All the committee members seemed highly forgiving of foibles they encountered. I was struck by a certain largeness of spirit in the members; there seemed not a mean person among them.

In the end, what the members voted for was spark—that quality of personal force and excitement coupled with good sense, good ideas, and a warm attitude that suggests a person who can get things done. Assuming the candidate could discuss sensibly what he or she hoped to accomplish and why, the committee fell back on personal reactions.

CANDIDATES AND THEIR COMMITTEES

Almost none of the fellows to whom I spoke had known what to expect. For some, the questions struck wrong notes. No matter how gentle the interrogator, there is a certain assertion of power, and from time to time committee members seem to have slipped over the line of good sense or good taste.

Pat Pacheco, an Indian woman from Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico, was eager to be accepted, but the committee dismayed her. "I had never really examined myself. And they were asking these really probing questions and they unsettled me and got me mad. It was like an invasion of privacy—they were probing places I hadn't probed myself!"

A committee asked Naomi Salazar, a nun from Antonito, Colorado, whether she was taking the fellowship for the Antonito community or the religious community. She was already in turmoil about her future with the order and felt that the probing made things worse.

Joe Poston, who then was a self-taught radical from northern Alabama, thought he had destroyed an opportunity that he desperately wanted. "I wanted this worse than anything in my life. The interview

was awesome—so much depended on it." He went before six committee members at once and it went well enough until one challenged him for his ministerial role. "Told me the Church of Christ had done nothing progressive about segregation or anything else. Well, it just went all over me. I stood up and told them I don't accept responsibility for all the actions of all the people I've associated with at one time or another. I was presenting myself on my own and I stand on my own. Well, I figured I'd blown it."

When he was on the interviewee's side of the table, being fresh from the civil rights wars where one had to be aggressive to survive, Bob Mants immediately turned the tables on his questioners. "My answers put them on the defensive," he said. "I could tell that some of my answers made them uneasy." For all his manner, however, he also remembered that he and another fellow were the only men there not wearing ties. "They were a very straight bunch, all educated, all educators. That wasn't my background or my interest."

Wade Scholes, from Marietta, Georgia, thought the questions were solid and fair. "They really wanted to know if I was genuine, that's all. The big focus was whether your aim was for yourself or for your community."

Charles Smith, the dignified man who went on to be a Lowndes County commissioner, assumed that being in his fifties would disqualify him. He saw the committee as just another group with whom to meet. They asked him if he thought integration might be working in reverse—might it be responsible for a certain black principal's losing his momentum? Smith's answer was typical of his own sophistication and also stands for the program's attitude toward race: "I said no, what eroded his position was the arrival of a young Caucasian so much better prepared that he drew power away. A qualified black man would have done the same."

Many candidates told the regional reps at the end of the meetings that if the matter went no further, they were still ahead in self-knowledge and in understanding of how things worked. Linda Bulloch, a quiet woman from Atlanta, seemed to sum up that feeling when she said, "I had three interviews in two hours that examined my whole life. And the process solidified and crystallized some thoughts and self-understanding that I had never had and that I have never forgotten—things that I still dwell on today."

The Fellows: The Heart—and the Fun—of the Program

The fellows themselves—their nature, their experiences in the program, and what they did afterward—gave the program its meaning. Most of the fellows I met were alert, bright, stimulating, eager, generous people. They had ideas, understood problems, grasped causes and effects, and were genuinely concerned. Few had been leaders in any standard sense when they were chosen. While the aim of the LDP was to find people who could operate in their own milieu and give them some tools so that they could operate better and faster, most of those it found had not yet begun to move.

GRASS-ROOTS LEADERS: TWO PROTOTYPES

There were exceptions, and two women illustrate the qualities that the program hoped all its fellows had in potential. One was Connie Harper of Shorter, Alabama, and the other was Edith Easterling of Pikeville, Kentucky. Harper was an agitator, a tough-minded woman who saw what was wrong in her community and raised some hell to change it. Easterling was a fountain of good sense and strength and courage to whom people in her mountain community began to turn for advice and then for support, and finally for guidance.

Connie Harper (Alabama)

Connie Harper was the only one of thirty-three teachers in the Prairie Farm School who actually lived in the rural section of Macon County that it served. She and her husband had a small farm. She was a crackerjack woman who spoke her mind. Her father, a Mississippian, had been that way, too. One night he was beaten and thrown half-dead on a train, "which was the way they did in those days." In Macon County, trainmen hurled him off and left him to die on the

right-of-way. Rural people found him and nursed him back to life. In time, he married Harper's mother, a teacher who had gone through Tuskegee Institute on a Rosenwald scholarship. Not surprisingly, he died early; his widow put the children through school; among Harper's brothers and sisters are two with doctorates in education, a physician, and two nurses. Years later, when Harper was elected to the school board in Macon County, she put the $50-per-meeting stipend into a Tuskegee scholarship named for her mother.

The county's rural children did not attend school until after the cotton was in. Harper petitioned the board for a split session, but it refused; it felt that people who picked cotton had little need for education. She went into the fields to exhort people to free their children for school—how much cotton could a child pick, anyway? The owners threw her out of the fields, and she stood on the roadway and talked to the people as they came down the long rows. And some of the children came to school.

Macon County was 83 per cent black, but the black leaders there put their effort into the town of Tuskegee, not into the fields, where Harper believed the real need lay. When Headstart funds arrived, they went to Tuskegee. Headstart had great impact on the South. In addition to its benefit to children, it brought outside money and thus power to people whose real problem was powerlessness. In countless southern communities, the local Headstart was as much a place of social action and psychological regeneration as it was of education. Harper fought to get Headstart money into her community, and when she failed, she called a meeting to propose that the people start their own day-care center.

"One day we went to the creek and caught a mess of fish. We had a fish fry and we made $16.50. The next day we bought powdered milk and cookies and opened the Tysonville Headstart. The county judge had an old, old station wagon—he used it to go fishing—and I made him give it to us to haul the children." But she still had no funds.

Harper went to Washington with her plans written in pencil on a brown paper bag and someone there listened, helped her reshape her proposal, and sent her back with a $25,000 OEO grant that made the Tysonville Headstart real. Opponents put sugar in her gas tank, slashed her brake lines, threatened her, threatened her children. About this time the LDP came along; she was in the southeastern region's first cohort.

Edith Easterling (Kentucky)

Edith Easterling was born and raised on land owned by her grandfather

in Poor Bottom Hollow in Pike County, Kentucky. During the Second World War, she worked on a production line building bombers at Willow Run. Afterward, she returned to Kentucky and married Jake Easterling, a coal miner who was eventually stricken with black lung. After having four children, she went to work as a cook in the local school and there, in the early sixties, got involved with the Appalachian Volunteers. That was almost inevitable, for newcomers who go to work in a community need first of all trustworthy local contacts. Easterling is one of those people who knows everyone and to whom everyone turns. "I've always helped people," she said, "always worked for people. They have always asked me for all kinds of help, for ideas, to fill out forms, to deal with their problems. They just have—I don't know why."

In the Volunteers, she helped to train newcomers in mountain attitudes and customs and to place them in mountain communities. Gradually she began developing a system.

> We'd set a day when we would all get together and the idea was, let's discuss what we'd like to do, pick something, something that bothered us, and figure out what we'd like to see happen. How could we go about it, how could we make something happen? We'd get into local problems, not just big issues. I remember one woman had a cow, some problem with her cow, and that's all she could think of, and I said, "First off, we've got to deal with this cow." Another had a need to move—to another house, you know. She hadn't any way, so we all went the next day and moved her. The thing is, once you've helped people get things they need, then they feel more free and you can start to build things up.

What she built up was the Marrowbone Folk School. The school had two purposes. First, it aimed to help people learn to deal with the society that governed their lives but left them little voice in their own futures. Practically, it helped them understand and secure the rights for which they had paid: the benefits of social security and black-lung programs, their proper role in political life, their authority as citizens. Second, it helped people learn things they could market or in which they could take pride—crafts, skills, folk music, folk dancing. Easterling raised a little money, the people put up a building, and they started classes in whatever seized their interest and for which they could find instructors.

The idea was to bring in professional teachers to teach a class of six, and then each of the six would go forth and teach other classes. Easterling was a persuasive woman, and she brought in teachers from all over the area to give a week or a month of time. At times they had as many as 400 mountain men and women involved with the school.

This alarmed the county powers, who harassed her in many ways. There was never enough money, and the school staggered along from month to month. By the time Easterling became a region-at-large fellow in 1969, the school was three years old, many of the needs it addressed had been met, and it was running down. Easterling was returning to her old stint of simply helping people.

Why was she the one to whom people in Poor Bottom Hollow turned?

> People in a community must have a leader, someone they can trust. They often say to me, "Well, you know this or that because you're smart," but I don't feel that way. I think people should have equal opportunities, but in reality people are born to position, and that is not fair. I wanted to change things so everyone would have a chance. And I really love people. I just do. And then, I am not scared. What I say today I could say tomorrow, no matter where I was. [She pauses, making sure you understand.] When I go on the picket line, when we go in to shut down a strip mine, oh, I'm scared, my knees just shake like everyone else's, and we go anyway. But beyond that, you see, so many poor people are just scared, scared of losing what little they have. But the fear is not in me. I don't know why, but it's not.

That is one key that probably sums up many of the fellows: "The fear is not in me."

A FAIR TRADE FOR SELF-STARTERS

The fellows were distinctive people who were much more characterized by their differences than by their similarities. Most were young. Forty per cent of those I interviewed were in their twenties when their programs began, and 50 per cent were in their thirties, while 70 per cent fell in the eleven-year range of twenty-five to thirty-five. Few of the fellows were sophisticated or widely experienced, even though some were years beyond their fellowship period when I met them. On the whole, they were dedicated people who were most interesting in the close contexts of their communities. Some were lured away by opportunities they saw during their fellowship, but many preferred life down on the farm after they'd tasted life in a big city.

Almost all the fellows I met remembered the fellowship year with pleasure and felt that they clearly benefited from it. Often the benefit was personal—and for some it was an immense turning point in their lives. Very few, however, seemed to feel that they had received a gift. Rather, they had made a fair trade. With few exceptions, none seemed to feel that anything particular was expected of them, and thus had no sense of failure. Even the exceptions often suggest special strengths of

courage and initiative. For example, Mary Ratliff of Liberty, West Virginia, withdrew from a region-at-large fellowship midway through the year because she decided that she lacked the background to assimilate and use her experiences. She abandoned thousands of dollars left to her account and set about learning on her own. Since then, however, she has converted what she saw as failure into success by developing the capacities needed to win election to the school board.

The ability to take initiative was characteristic. One of the most interesting examples was a thirty-eight-year-old Laguna Indian named Victor Sarracino of Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico. Sarracino went to a Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) school, spending his summers in the high country herding sheep, a life that he still misses and believes could make him happy today. He got involved in pueblo politics, and in 1965 was elected executive secretary of the All-Indian Pueblo Council, representing nineteen tribes in New Mexico. He spent five busy years in that role before becoming a fellow. In addition to the regular legislative work, he expanded the council, set up an arm for education, and opened a cultural center in Albuquerque. He established a program of Indian coordinators for public schools and pushed through a system of boards of Indian people to monitor federally operated schools. Gradually the boards developed real power, and he sees the BIA as "useful if you use it properly—you have to pry out money and demand what you want, but it can be done."

He arranged for Johnson-O'Malley funds to be channeled through the council, which had a real impact on the way public schools dealt with Indian children. At the same time he managed to gain a position with the BIA itself and ran a scholarship program for Indian kids. Sarracino's fellowship year, and all that has happened since, has been simply a continuation of these initiatives. Probably his herd of sheep will have to wait.

Wade Scholes of Marietta, Georgia, was a man in a hurry too. He was working on the assembly line at Lockheed and studying engineering when he decided that "the real way to get ahead is to be in charge of yourself and a little bit of the situation around you." So he dropped engineering and switched to literature and language. He wanted to prepare himself for life. Getting a job was easy enough; the problem was in learning how to live. He finished the University of Georgia in 1968, sold real estate, attended a church class on leadership taught by the superintendent of schools of Marietta, and accepted his invitation to head a pilot program on community education. Marietta was growing—60,000 in 1962, 100,000 in 1970, about 192,000 in 1976—and

the problem was to determine how the schools could serve the whole population. Almost immediately community education began to boom in Marietta, and by the time Scholes accepted a fellowship in 1972, he was running wide open. In his decision to educate himself for living and then follow the opportunities that arose, Scholes demonstrated a trait that many LDP fellows shared—he was a self-starter.

Frankie King, an extraordinarily vital woman in Auburn, Alabama, dropped out of high school, married, and had six children. She worked as a maid for thirteen years and began to burn with frustration. At PTA meetings she urged classes for people who had dropped out, and when continuing education was started, she quickly earned a certificate of general education and landed a job at the Alabama Council on Human Relations. There she helped develop a preschool class for retarded children, got involved in school desegregation, and ran unsuccessfully for the city council.

Mary Herr of Clairfield, Tennessee, was unusual among fellows in that she developed an entire program before she heard of the LDP and then used her fellowship to advance it. After a tour with Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA), she worked for an insurance firm in Knoxville and learned that in Clairfield local organizations formed to deal with health, economic development, and crafts desperately needed her clerical skills. She gave them three days a week, the insurance company adjusting her workload and pay downward. Eventually, she moved to Clairfield and commuted to Knoxville for those two days that earned her living.

She found a young lawyer in Knoxville and persuaded him to give a day each week in Clairfield to handle problems of social security, welfare, miners' pensions, and personal legal problems. Then she asked him to train her to do routine tasks. By the time she heard of the LDP, they had opened a Legal Services Office, and she was looking for support to become a teacher of paralegal techniques.

Many of the fellows cared deeply about what they were doing because of powerful earlier experiences. JoAnn Wright had finished her undergraduate work with a degree in psychology and a broken love affair that produced a son. She moved to Tuskegee to begin putting things back together. There she worked for Ulysses Byas's Education Development Center, assembled a proposal for day care at high schools so that student mothers could stay in school, got it funded, and helped run it. When she became a fellow in 1973, she moved naturally into the problems of unwed mothers.

Michael Kline of Capon Ridge, West Virginia, had learned to sing

with the National Cathedral Choir while growing up in Washington, D.C., and loved the mountains on the family place at Capon Ridge. When he moved there, he began absorbing mountain music and handling its various instruments. He was in Kentucky in the sixties, singing, playing, learning new music, and seeing the powerful relationship between music and social action. "In those days, when everything seemed possible, I believed we could turn the mountains around with music," he said, and that is how he aimed his fellowship.

A TASTE FOR SCHOOLING

Despite the tendency of some fellows to enter fields of social action, the bulk of the fellows were involved with formal schooling. Many were professional teachers interested in improving themselves as people and as teachers. Some were specialists who wanted to sharpen their skills. A few sought professional attainment through graduate work and looked toward administrative or programmatic posts. JoAnn Wright always knew that once she had her personal life under control, she would nail down her doctorate and run something. "I think I have the makings of a good leader, but I'm not much of a follower," she said.

Many fellows were disillusioned with standard education. One was an outspoken young woman named Sandra Swans, who was a Clark College student organizer and ran a volunteer tutorial program at a student community center, raised $75,000 for its support, earned her living with a part-time job, and graduated cum laude. She spent a year in Philadelphia's public schools and was appalled to find that "the schools treated kids like factory parts."

The problem, she thought, "is that schools stifle rather than develop. School was designed for a time when workers were needed to build the country—education for industrialization. I remember making radio chassis on a factory line and singing slave songs. And the kids in school are like those chassis; they go through the line and get information plugged in and the first time they turn things over and throw off the person who controls, they're out."

She left Philadelphia and went to Atlanta to start a street academy for dropouts. "I think the best kids are the ones who drop out, who get driven out. We offered them real education. You give people tools, teach them where to get what they need and to deal with themselves, and they'll know what to do. The problem in regular schools is a lack of concepts. *Why* is it important to know things? Once you help a kid establish the real reason for learning—not a diploma, not even a job—well, it means dealing with the total person, and that's hard."

Swans came out of the academy and into her fellowship year in 1972.

Duane Wells, who lives on a farm near Montpelier, Vermont, finished Goddard College full of similar ideas. The following year he was in an eighth-grade class as a teaching principal and feels he made real openings in youngsters. He also opened the superintendent's eyes. "He demanded that I wear a belt. It just cracked me up. A belt! Naturally I refused. I was doing some open-class things that were pretty radical in Vermont in 1969, and that's what bothered him."

Like Swans, a number of fellows turned to alternative schools. One of the more interesting was started in Atlanta by Linda Bulloch. She called it The Pad, and aimed it at flower children who were drifting through Atlanta. Sometimes she had as many as a hundred youngsters more or less in residence in an old house that she filled with books and to which she regularly brought instructors. The flower season was passing on in 1970 when she accepted a fellowship.

CIVIL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS AND LDP FELLOWSHIPS

Especially in the South, disillusionment with the system and push for change naturally drew people from the civil rights movement. One such young man was Curtis Jernigan of Union Springs—Huffman's home town. Jernigan was a teacher who, when integration of sorts came to Bullock County schools, was tapped to teach in formerly all-white schools. Naively, he assumed that this attested to his skill. Later he realized it said things that he didn't like about his attitude. He left on his fellowship quite a proper fellow and returned with a beard, a dashiki, and a carved black fist dangling from his neck. His new image shocked the folk in Bullock County—black as well as white.

Some radicals were self-taught. Joe Poston grew up on an eastern Tennessee farm as a certified redneck. He trained in a tiny Bible college, became a Church of Christ minister, and earned his living as a commercial pilot in northern Alabama until a mid-air collision laid him up for a couple of years. The civil rights movement forced Poston to confront his old attitudes, which he found inconsistent with what he was preaching. While working for a new Community Action Program (CAP) agency in northern Alabama, Poston dealt with poor people, black and white, and completed his conversion. The LDP came along just when his new attitude was making his position in the agency untenable and when he was realizing that he simply had to know more to be effective in his chosen work.

A good many fellows had had experience in the radical organizations of the 1960s as amateurs. Bob Mants, on the other hand, was a

professional. Joining SNCC full time when Stokely Carmichael was organizing the South, he went to all the mean, dangerous places where physical resistance had to be broken: south Georgia, Americus, and Selma, at the time when resistance focused there. "We had talked for years of going into Lowndes County. It had the reputation of being the worst, and people were very reluctant to go in. So just before the Selma march we decided we'd better do it if we were ever going to, and so we came in and connected with some local people who opened the doors for us." Through 1965 and 1966, Mants lived in Lowndes County, and by the time he left the local people had changed things. Without a break, Mants returned to south Georgia and from there to the Mississippi Delta and from there to the action at Albany, Georgia. He was in Albany, weary, bitter, seemingly burned out and corroded by hate when he accepted his fellowship in 1971.

Some of the more radical fellows were suspicious of the Foundation's motives in offering them such generous fellowships. Michael Kline, for instance, assumed that the real motive of the LDP was to eliminate him as a force, and he saw its willingness to send him abroad or around the country as a way to buy him out. So he accepted his fellowship only provided he would not be required to travel beyond his mountain region. Later, he regretted the lost travel opportunity: he would have liked to see the coal mines in Wales.

Many of the fellows were part of the civil rights movement, but none were more directly involved than the four from Lowndes County. The importance of local leadership is apparent; for Mants, Carmichael, and the others knew that the most they could do was help whatever local people were willing to do. Their local contact was Matthew Jackson, a highly respected farmer. Jackson put them up in his home, called public meetings, and endorsed them. Three years later, Jackson was killed under mysterious circumstances, and everyone faced threats, harassment, and violence. Two of his daughters, Annie Jackson and Dorothy Hinson, elementary teachers with master's degrees who both became LDP fellows in 1972, were punished professionally for their part in the movement.

Hinson taught for ten years in Lowndes County until 1965, when she was abruptly fired. The superintendent was an elderly white woman who had inherited the post from her father at eighteen and had run the schools for nearly forty years. "I didn't bring the movement to school," Hinson said, "but I thought I could engage in such things after school, and I found I couldn't." For three years she worked full time in the movement while she brought suit against the schools. In 1968 she

won the suit—which also forced the state to restructure and make effective its teacher tenure law—and was rehired. She held on for a couple of years of brutal pressure, and then, worn down, resigned.

Her younger sister, Annie Jackson, had to go to Georgia to find a teaching position in 1964. Two years later she returned to Alabama and worked in the adjoining county through the pain of the movement years. The salaries were critically important to the family. "But it was no satisfaction. The effect of Dorothy's resignation was to teach all the others that you either bow or stand up." By 1972, when they applied separately for fellowships, both women were exhausted.

When Matthew Jackson introduced the men of SNCC to his neighbors, Charles Smith stood with him. Jackson and Smith were both examples of the terrible penalty the South imposed on itself by keeping a third of its people in bondage. In a free society, both would have risen to the position of community leadership that Smith achieved as soon as the society there opened. As county commissioner, Smith today is generally a respected and powerful figure.

Smith was active in many areas. He took part in the lawsuit that knocked out the Alabama poll tax. He organized a vegetable marketing cooperative in ten black-belt counties. He led a movement to stop a dam that would have inundated land owned by black farmers and promoted a plan that brought piped water into his part of the county. He helped bring an OEO health clinic to that part of the county, the first time its people had access to immediate medical attention. The OEO sent him to the University of Wisconsin to study community action, and he also went to seminars and meetings around the country. At one of these, in 1970, he heard about the LDP and applied.

Willie Wilson, who became Lowndes County's fourth LDP fellow in 1975, worked with Smith in many of these projects. Wilson's wife had the idea for a water system, and he and Smith brought it about. Wilson served as its superintendent—a paying job until the system ran out of money, after which he continued as a volunteer. Wilson did the feasibility study for the OEO health clinic. When OEO faded the clinic was closed, but Smith overrode his fellow commissioners and the clinic was reopened. (It still exists.) In 1974, Wilson was elected to the school board and discovered that public school funds were being diverted to white segregationist academies—a common practice at the time. In the resulting furor the superintendent, who had inherited her job some fifty years earlier, resigned. A black woman was appointed to her position and later elected—and today Annie Jackson and Dorothy Hinson are teaching in Lowndes County schools.

That Wonderful Year

Although fellows were chosen because of their well-defined aims and their presumed capacities as self-starters, few actually had much idea of where to go to best achieve what they had in mind. Fellows relied heavily on the reps for guidance. Most reps thus met individually with the fellows of their region soon after they were selected and helped them work out a program.

Among other things, fellows were expected to broaden their horizons through travel. They could go abroad, and about a sixth of those whom I interviewed did so. At first, fellows usually went to only a couple of places and stayed for months, but later, fellows moved more and more toward short-term experiences; various side trips and extra experiences of a few days were frequently worked in. A few fellows were allowed to operate chiefly from their own homes.

They were encouraged to take their families along, and the majority of those I met did so. Often they had small children with them, and most traveled by automobile, van, or camper to their major sites. From these sites, fellows often made additional side trips by air, leaving the family behind. A number of husbands left jobs to accompany wives who had won fellowships, becoming in effect fellows themselves. I met only one wife who drew similar profit from her husband's program. A few couples won double fellowships.

Fellows were expected to go home at least once each quarter. Those who did not take their families or who designed a regional program were home much more frequently. The original reason for stressing home visits was that leaders risk losing their constituency when they are away too long. In fact, most fellows had no real constituency, but getting home regularly aided their own stability and maintained community ties.

Fellows were also expected to make quarterly narrative reports, but

these often amounted to no more than chatty letters. Each fellow also had to present quarterly expense receipts that had the added effect of showing where the fellow had been. This expense accounting caused trouble because fellows found it difficult to keep receipts for expenditures. (There was not much room for larceny, though, and I believe that the great majority of those that could not account for all they had spent were simply poor bookkeepers.) Finally, fellows needed permission from reps for major program changes, but the reps usually agreed readily enough, for they saw themselves as offering guidance to help the fellow get the most from the year.

The shift toward selecting fellows who were not teachers made variable grant periods more feasible. It also raised new questions about the stipend. What of community workers who lived on a subsistence salary, or students who had no salary, or especially the unemployed? Was it fair to send a subsistence worker into the world with no more than what he'd been earning the year before his grant? During the grant period should a fellow be forced to be concerned mainly with holding body and soul together? On the other hand, should the program be an economic windfall? Sudden money can sometimes prove disorienting. One fellow drawn into the program from a subsistence level spent years recovering from the effects of too much money during his fellowship.

The equity question plagued the LDP until its end. In practice, the program tried to give its fellows enough to function in the field, but that was an arbitrary judgment, and some fellows felt deprived. Others, especially in Appalachia, felt cheated—that they were seen and treated as second-class people.

The fellows I met universally held the reps with whom they worked in affection and high respect, even years after the program experience. Most fellows stayed in touch with their reps during the program year, often talking out their experiences as they progressed. Although fellows were on their own, the reps saw to it that fellows never forgot that they were part of a larger body.

ASSIGNMENTS WITH AGENCIES

Fellows generally were assigned to agencies or to other programs for periods of two to twelve weeks. Gradually, the reps built up an extensive knowledge of sites and could match a fellow's interests closely. A few agencies were so effective or so broad that they cropped up repeatedly in fellows' programs. Except in the Southwest, the assignment was simply a suggestion that fellows go to this or that

agency at the appointed time and make themselves useful. The agencies that were assigned regularly got used to having LDP fellows around, but in the more esoteric assignments, it was up to the individual fellow to persuade the agency that his or her willingness and intelligence would outweigh ignorance and inexperience.

Often the crucial question for the fellow was whether he or she would be allowed to work as a nonsalaried worker in the agency, or only to observe. Most agencies and programs seemed to welcome an intelligent and capable fellow as a fresh hand. The better an agency was organized, the more likely it was to respond well.

Sometimes agency heads used fellows as auxiliary administrative aides, took them to meetings, sent them out on studies, and gave them a useful view of life at the top. Valuable as these experiences were to the fellow, they also were valuable to the agency. Because the fellow could operate entirely outside the usual bureaucratic structure and had no organizational responsibilities, he or she could be sent out on extra, imaginative, speculative assignments that an agency might not be able to afford with its own personnel.

Some reps developed friendships with figures in the agencies they used regularly and thus could keep an informal eye on the fellow, but few agencies could be bothered with much checking on LDP fellows. If the fellow chose to make something of the encounter, the agency usually put him or her to use. Otherwise, it offered minor tasks or nothing. When fellows did fail to make much of a relationship, it was often because they found the assigned role unproductive. Many then hunted on their own for something exciting.

Agencies and Fellows: A Symbiosis

In the southwestern region, David Grant began interviewing former fellows in detail to find out what they thought was the most and least valuable to them from their program years. Early on, for example, Grant learned from one fellow that people in a radical program in San Jose were occupied in making machineguns. *That* wasn't the kind of experience the rather conservative Grant had in mind for his fellows. Gradually he conceived a standard design for his fellow's year.

He thought not only that few fellows knew what they wanted or needed but also that few could make their way unaided through this or that metropolitan program. He wanted them to have a definite place to go, to be expected, to have work to do when they arrived. He wanted them in big, stable programs where they would learn how the modern society they cannot escape really works. If they were going to do

anything for those little mountain communities he knew so well, the fellows would have to return home, organize something, and get it funded from outside. At the very least, it meant being able to deal with society's great institutions. Perhaps the most valuable thing the program could give them would be lasting connections to individuals in those institutions. His fellows did not need training in revolution, he once growled, they needed training in systems. Machineguns, indeed!

Grant did not invite his fellows to sit in on their program development. They received their programs in the mail in the form of letters directing them where to report. Each year he lined up a number of big agencies equal to the number of fellows he chose that year, and then rotated the fellows among the agencies over four three-month stints. These agencies changed from time to time, but mainstays included the Mexican-American Community Services Agency in San Jose; Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) in Phoenix; Office of Rural Development in Washington, D.C.; Texas Institution for Education Development in San Antonio; Southwestern Indian Development in Phoenix; Economic Development Administration in Washington, D.C.; Service, Employment, Redevelopment (SER), a group devoted to helping Mexican Americans in Los Angeles; East Los Angeles Community Union; and others throughout the Southwest.

Because these agencies soon came to depend on having an LDP fellow on staff, they began to rely on a line of LDP fellows succeeding one another. As a result, Grant was more and more reluctant to change a fellow's program unless a swap could be arranged with another fellow to fill the slot. Knowing the agencies received valuable help from the fellows, Grant used this knowledge to protect their interests with the agencies. Let a fellow complain to Grant that an agency was ignoring him and Grant was immediately on the telephone to the agency head. More than one agency apologized to a fellow for shortfalls in its agreement and made amends.

This symbiotic relationship made a stable program for the fellow, but it did not seem to be the adventuresome, self-directed one originally intended for the LDP overall. It certainly was not the imaginative opportunity that Meade had envisioned initially; and the Foundation staff reacted derisively to the direction of the LDP in Grant's region. Someone dubbed his circuit of agencies the "Chili Circuit," which amused Grant so much despite its pejorative note that he began using it himself. Grant believed in what he was doing, defended himself with skill, and refused to change. After talking to many of his fellows, I

thought the issue overblown. His programs were less exciting, perhaps, but probably no less useful than those of other regions.

PROGRAMMING FOR GRADUATE TRAINING

Many fellows managed to find time on their grants to work toward master's degrees. About a quarter of those I met spent part of their year in college. Some enrolled for up to twelve hours a semester or quarter while they were assigned to an agency.

I was with K.Z. Chavis when he sat down to help Sylvia Thornton, a twenty-eight-year-old fellow from Tuskegee, think about further schooling for herself. Thornton, who had been in Headstart administration, now wanted to enrich her own capacities as a teacher. She suggested the Bank Street College of Education in New York City, which was well-known for its innovative training and projects in education. Chavis demurred. Good place, he conceded, but too "softy-lofty" for her, too far from the real world where she operated. Instead, how about Peabody College at Nashville, well-known for its preschool studies and testing procedures, plus a variety of other centers, lab schools, and programs around Nashville? Thornton liked that suggestion.

Chavis also proposed work in a North Carolina program on Headstart leadership with which she had worked before, and she agreed. He described the extensive programs that Riverside Church in New York City has with neighborhood youngsters—there she could expect to work directly with urban kids. Also, in St. Petersburg, a former fellow was developing new Headstart techniques. Then, there was a program in Texas that was doing new things with youngsters, and another in California that fit her interests. And, of course, she must look in on the educational establishment in Washington. Now she began to demur—all this was fine, but first she wanted to get out in the country and see how other Headstarts worked.

Gradually her program shook down to a half-dozen units of a couple months each. She would begin with those rural Headstarts she wanted to see. Then she would go to Washington and the federal establishment. Then she would visit programs farther afield: Texas, New York, North Carolina. St. Petersburg was dropped. That left Peabody or California; she chose Peabody. Her stipend would be the maximum, $9500, a little less than she had been earning, and her expenses would be $3558. Total grant: $13,058.

Programming in the southwestern region evolved in different directions. At first, Grant saw college as the logical training ground.

And his first fellows spent half their period in graduate training. By the following year he had stopped encouraging graduate training and soon adopted the new emphasis on community action. When Naomi Salazar, the teaching nun from Antonito, Colorado, became a fellow in 1971, Grant told her she would have to include some community-action activity in her program. This alarmed her, but ultimately she found it the most valuable part of her year.

BALANCING AGENCIES, SCHOOLS, COMMUNITIES

During their fellowship year, some persons managed a surprising variety of experiences and achievements. Their balancing acts are hardly short of amazing. For instance, Wade Scholes, a young Georgian, fulfilled the experiential part of his program while doing all the work necessary to acquire a doctorate, which he started after he began his fellowship year in 1972.

Scholes, who had left the line at Lockheed to educate himself in how to live, was drawn into community education when he headed an experimental program in Marietta. When the program ended, he went back to school for a master's degree, which he had just finished as his fellowship began. Scholes wanted to learn more about how the potential interaction between community and schools can be realized. He had studied diffusion technique—a form of structural analysis of communications and decision making in social action—and he proposed an informal internship under the technique's leading proponent, who was then at Michigan State University.

Scholes lined up a Mott Foundation fellowship at Flint, Michigan, as well—which meant enrolling in one of a consortium of schools—and entered a doctoral program at the University of Michigan. As an alternative to the tests in his major, he wrote a fifty-page paper discussing the field; this paper became the basis for the first two chapters of his dissertation about how community education can best reach the community. Scholes also hurried to Ann Arbor to plunge into an expanded study of diffusion.

At semester's end, Scholes was off to the Southeastern Regional Community Education Center, a Mott-related organization at Florida Atlantic University. The center suffered from internal turmoil, so instead of working there Scholes offered himself to Florida's State Department of Education at Tallahassee as an unpaid researcher for two studies. One involved a new system for state funding of local schools; the other was an analysis of community education in Florida. Various communities had not reported for the latter, so Scholes set out

on a tour to gather the needed information. At each school he visited, he administered his questionnaire, producing reports tailored to courses he was taking at Florida Atlantic University. While in Florida, he earned ten quarter hours toward his degree.

Later, Scholes interned briefly in the LDP office and administered his questionnaire in Atlanta schools, worked with Rufus Huffman and various social agencies in Alabama, and gained considerable practical knowledge about how social agencies and communities interrelate. Scholes says that the key to his fellowship was that he was always ready to drop the academic side temporarily if it interfered with the experiential side.

In Marietta, meanwhile, a battle in the schools had led to the election of a new school board, and Scholes broke his fellowship year long enough to go home and organize support for a permanent community education program. After the election, he lined up for himself the job of running the new program. Scholes spent the last seven weeks of his fellowship finishing his course work—and his dissertation—at Ann Arbor.

It had been an unusual year.

LOOKING FOR NEW FIELDS

For some fellows, the year was a search for more fruitful fields. Joe Poston knew he wanted to work in human resources development, but he did not know how. Already forty, he felt it was too late for the academic route. His first fellowship assignment was to the Atlanta Multipurpose Training Center, which operated under the auspices of Atlanta University and specialized in training people to understand each other and work together. It suited perfectly his longing to work with people on some basis other than religion.

Poston immediately began to move into what thereafter became his field. He followed this shift in careers with short visits of three to five days to various organizations, talking to decision makers about their programs, and began leading sessions at the Center. A migrant project at New College in Sarasota, Florida, gave him plenty of opportunity to shape the techniques that fit his mission. After several short trips around the country, he finished his program in Florida and returned to northern Alabama to put it all into practice.

Ted Carpenter, a young VISTA executive who felt fiercely committed to the southern Appalachian mountains, had left VISTA for a small mountain farm where he was trying to organize a learning environment less political than that of the Highlander Center, where he had

often worked. His interests were general. He visited Ivan Illich's Center for Intercultural Documentation at Cuernavaca, spent time with encounter groups, visited the Quetico Folk School in Canada, and traveled around Appalachia looking into how arts and communications applied to the mountain movement.

One day, watching a friend who was experimenting with videotape, he suddenly connected the capacity of the equipment to freeze a frame with its immense potential for reaching and persuading and teaching mountain people who are never easy to convince of anything. If you could videotape a session of people talking of their experiences and their pain over, say, a strip-mining operation in their community, and plug the tape into a man's television set in the next community, you could show him people looking as he looked and talking as he talked about problems he knew all too well. That was likely to be more convincing than dozens of articulate young Ted Carpenters carrying the message around.

In that moment Carpenter focused his career.

He immediately shifted his fellowship year to learning the new technology. At a New York University conference he learned that the industry intended to create closed systems so that it could sell tapes. His protests led him to George Stoney, a professor at NYU famous for his film documentaries, and the two discussed possibilities for the new medium. Carpenter mortgaged his farm to purchase equipment and spent the rest of his year planning to make the medium work for social action.

HELPING PEOPLE TO HEALTH

Hawk Littlejohn, a militant Cherokee practitioner of Indian medicine from Cherokee, North Carolina, wanted to study the Sacred Formulas of the Cherokee tribe and to visit other medicine men. Indian medicine merges spiritual with physical facts, and the formulas are important to the tribal sense of the Cherokees—one of the few tribes whose original basis is reduced to writing. Most practitioners of traditional medicine only begin in their forties, but Littlejohn was an accomplished practitioner who had just crossed thirty.

On a region-at-large fellowship he set out for Washington in 1973, for the ironic fact is that the Sacred Formulas are the legal property of the Smithsonian Institution. He found the formulas, hundreds upon hundreds of pages of closely written manuscript. The museum permitted him to make copies of his tribal heritage at 20 cents per sheet (which imposed quick limits on his studies) and required him to agree

to name it as owner of the formulas, should he publish them. His perception of the acute injustice under which he was laboring intensified.

He also visited other Indians and searched especially for Indians showing signs of self-reliance. His first stop was the western band of Cherokees in Oklahoma, who live in communities rather than on a reservation. He was welcomed as soon as he identified himself as a practitioner of traditional medicine and was taken to a number of community medicine ceremonies, some of which he led. Some of the medicine men he encountered did not know of the Sacred Formulas, and he shared what he had plumbed in the Smithsonian. His visit took a mystical turn. The band held a belief that a young medicine person would come mysteriously from the east, heralding a return to traditions. Littlejohn, they thought, might be that holy figure. "I haven't accepted that," he says today. "I'd like to."

He visited tribal reservations in the Dakotas, Wyoming, and Montana, but his most powerful experience was with the Jemez Pueblo in New Mexico. There, Littlejohn worked in a clinic side by side with a white practitioner of Western medicine who was dealing with Indian patients. Littlejohn was involved in helping deliver babies, set bones, and diagnose internal illness.

A nurse asked him directly, "Are you an M.D.?"

Before he could answer, the other doctor said, "M.M." The nurse looked puzzled.

"Medicine Man," said Littlejohn.

A young Apache woman whose baby Littlejohn delivered said her husband was studying medicine but was being consumed by an alcohol problem. Littlejohn moved into the Jemez Pueblo to work with him. After a couple of weeks, there were signs of improvement. Until then, the people had been polite but remote. This changed when Littlejohn was initiated into the tribe in a long and at first frightening ceremony conducted in a dark room by silent dancers wearing bear arms and claws over their arms. They hurled him from person to person in darkness, then began hours of chanting. Finally, doors were opened, great plates of food were brought in, and he found that he had been adopted—he was one of them.

More than other Americans, Indians are isolated from each other; distances between reservation clusters are great, and the walls of their poverty high and thick. Naturally, the experience that most Indian fellows hungered for was more exposure to Indians. Patricia Ann Pacheco of the Laguna Pueblo in New Mexico also had a specific

concern about the ravages of alcohol among Indians. When she won her fellowship in 1972, her husband Gilbert stunned her by quitting a coveted tribal job in order to accompany her.

She went first to the minorities division of the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) in Washington. NIMH sent her to San Francisco to help stage a conference on mental health among Indians. It was at the height of the American Indian Movement's activity and was a turning point for her: "It was all Red Power at that time. Everyone seemed interested in blaming the white man for all our troubles, which wasn't very healthy mentally. For me it raised the question, what are *we* doing for ourselves? And that forced me to look at me, really for the first time."

An OEO program in Phoenix sent her to look at alcohol problems in Arizona reservations. She was dismayed, for everywhere she saw no more than the old Alcoholics Anonymous approach, yet there was much more than that to the Indian alcohol crisis. At the Yakima reservation in Washington, the Pachecos became involved in Indian-state relations, visited several reservations, and learned more about the alcohol problem. Like so many fellows, Littlejohn among them, Pat and her husband caught the hearts of those they visited. When it was time for the Pachecos to leave, the Yakimas threw a huge party and offered ritual presents: a blanket to him, a beaded purse to her.

In the final quarter of her program she went home to begin a modern, total-approach alcohol program for her pueblo.

BECOMING EFFECTIVE MILITANTS

The fellowship year turned some black fellows into militants. Curtis Jernigan, the proper young teacher from Union Springs, Alabama, thought he wanted to study new approaches to teaching physics when he received a fellowship in 1969. K.Z. Chavis told him about a program at Harvard that approached physics from a humanistic standpoint and suggested as well the Foundation for Community Development at Durham, North Carolina. Together, these programs turned him around. At Durham, he said, "they really turned me on to black awareness—until then I was white oriented. What books had I read? they asked. I'd read *To Kill a Mockingbird*, not the Panther newspaper, not the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Before I left there I had a beard, a black fez, a black fish around my neck, I'd been shot at, I'd had a brush with Klansmen. I didn't realize the intensity of the movement until I went there. I think it was the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* that caused me to become what now I consider to be myself."

At Harvard, his perception of the white professor was that the man was amazed that a mere black from rural Alabama could grasp intellectual concepts, which, of course, intensified his growing militancy. From there he raced around the country—to Kent State for an urban studies program on working in the community, back to Durham for a regional education lab, to New York to work in the Lincoln Street Academy, to Washington to a Federal City College program reaching inmates at the prison at Lorton, and finally, with his head whirling, back to Union Springs.

Charles Becknell, a teacher from Albuquerque, moved into black studies through his fellowship year, which began in 1968. His original aim was to learn enough about school administration to become a principal. He began by touring New Mexico and identifying programs that would help black youngsters, a distinct minority there, through school and into college. He also completed his master's degree, went to the Education Improvement Program in Durham, and spent a month with black community organizers.

After Durham, he took courses at night toward his doctorate at Columbia University and during the day worked in a Harlem street academy. He had been seized just before his fellowship by John Hope Franklin's *Before the Mayflower*, and Columbia immersed him in the intellectual black experience: black history, black sociology, and the continuing implications of a heritage of slavery. After New York, he visited a program for black entrepreneurs in Baltimore, looked in on St. Louis's Urban League, and went to Los Angeles to intern in the black political world after visiting Congress. Then he went home, where he set about organizing a black studies program for the University of New Mexico.

Bob Mants's years on the front lines of the civil rights movement had interested him in land reform; for he realized that one key to white power was control of the economy. He interned at a land-buying association in rural Alabama and in Gloucester, Virginia, where a long land-buying campaign has put about a third of the land in black hands. In Washington, he interned under Marcus Raskin and Carl Hess at the Institute for Policy Studies, with side ventures to the League of Cities, the Conference of Mayors, and the Congressional Black Caucus before traveling to the Delta Ministry in Mississippi for community development and to Durham for a tour in prefabricated housing and a cooperative supermarket. A powerful broadening effect occurred with his visits to Phoenix for a community development program and his involvement with the American Indian Movement (AIM) and the

United Farmworkers Union; he saw that the southern struggle had counterparts everywhere.

LEARNING AT HOME AND ABROAD

The fellowship programs of two young men from the Northeast followed the more regular course that many fellows took, though by chance they both went abroad. Duane Wells of Montpelier, whose superintendent had insisted that teachers wear belts, was interested in the affective side of education. His year, which began in 1969, was divided in four parts. In Cleveland, he visited a program using film to teach self-awareness to low-income kids, then to Cedar City, Utah, for a National Training Laboratory workshop. "I thought that was the cat's meow," he said. "Now I see a lot of games in this, but I didn't then. I learned a lot." That first quarter also included a school in Black Mountain, North Carolina, that was using encounter techniques. It was an almost entirely black situation, and it seems to have left him baffled.

In his second segment he divided time between a communal society in Massachusetts and one in New Mexico, where people were educating their own children. Then he went to California and looked in on the encounter movement, but he was skeptical of it and was ready to leave a month before his tour was up. Finally, he visited the schools of Leicestershire, England, where he found the open-classroom techniques appropriate for Vermont, though he noted that traditional educators who were with him were shocked.

Philip Hayes, of Farmington, Maine, whose fellowship began in 1971, examined alternative education methods. In California, he talked himself into a multicultural, bilingual, fourth-grade program in Berkeley. He fitted well and felt comfortable dealing with blacks and Chicanos, with whom he had had little experience. While studying a "schools without failure" program in Los Angeles, he saw how he could translate simulation gaming into his sixth-grade classroom. At the same time, he began drafting a plan for a model alternative school-within-a-school which he hoped to put into practice back in Maine.

In London, during two months of varied exposure to British experimental schools, he concentrated on development of materials to support the kind of education he increasingly believed held answers for Maine. Then he sat in on two programs in North Dakota that were training teachers to use open-classroom techniques and finished his year with graduate work at the University of Maine.

A SUCCESSFUL DOUBLE FELLOWSHIP

The experiences of Abe and Emma Armendariz of Albuquerque show similar regularity. Both teachers were preparing to enter a doctoral program when they received fellowships and were one of the program's few couples on double fellowships.

Her interest was bilingual education; his was education administration, with which he would look toward a superintendency emphasizing community relations. Their first three-month tour was in Washington. Both went to the Office of Education (OE), he to the Office of Spanish-Speaking American Affairs, she to Bilingual Education. He acted as assistant to a Hispanic staff officer at OE, spent time on the Hill, involved himself in other Spanish-speaking programs in the federal government, worked with the Catholic Council, and got a broad and valuable feel for the federal establishment. Her agency, on the other hand, was in internal turmoil, and she soon moved on to the National Education Association, the Peace Corps, and the bilingual side of migrant education—but none were fruitful.

On their second leg, in San Francisco, she was with the Spanish-Speaking Unity Council and got involved with schools in Oakland, in bilingual education, teacher hiring, and alternative instructional approaches. The Unity Council provided a sound base for branching out, and both fellows tried to spend about half their time looking at other programs. He was with California Rural Legal Assistance, but it, too, was having internal problems, so he went on to the regional civil rights office, to the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) and Service, Employment, Redevelopment (SER), and to a Mexican American organization in San Jose.

Their third leg in San Antonio took them both to the Southwest Program Development Corporation, which involved them in writing proposals and put them in touch with other agencies. They took part in a Civil Rights Commission study of cities, another group studying the media in relation to civil rights and Catholic community programs. They even got to Austin to study various alternative university techniques. Both believe that this was the most valuable part of their program.

The final leg took them to San Diego, to the Chicago Federation, which focused on community action. But they rebelled: they had had enough community action. They switched themselves to the office of multicultural affairs at San Diego State University, where they helped determine the needs for a new program leading to a master's of

education. Then they returned to New Mexico for their doctoral programs.

A CIRCUITOUS FELLOWSHIP

Not all programs were successful. Jim Branscome, the region-at-large's first fellow, had an uneasy, frustrating fellowship period. He was an independent young man with a probing, iconoclastic mind and a deep moral anger that offset a disarming sweetness of personality. His family had been bone poor in a way that drains the joy from people and shortens their lives. Although he had uncommon intellect, his interests were not defined, and Nachtigal puzzled over where to send him. Moreover, he shared Appalachia's cynicism and suspicion. He visited the Ford Foundation and was impressed by his lunch in its lovely dining room. But that he was impressed alarmed him and aroused his suspicions: why were they treating him so well? Perhaps he was their hillbilly token—bright enough to speak their language, acceptable when so many of his fellows from the coalfield country would not be.

This suspicion did not help him design a year's activities. In the end, Nachtigal arranged for him to spend a month in each of a dozen places, including some rural school districts. He duly set out, but since neither he nor his hosts knew what he wanted, and since his hosts were often prominent and busy figures—and perhaps since he carried a chip on his shoulder—the visits proved frustrating and unproductive.

> I spent a month at the University of Delaware with a guy Paul had heard of who was supposed to know a lot about Appalachia, but he didn't know anything. I spent the month reading and drinking beer with factory workers. Then I went up to Amherst to some fellow's famous school, but I never met the bastard. I went to the University of Florida to work with a guy running a big infant intelligence program, but I never saw the guy—he was too big to fool with me. I spent the month at the student center at Gainesville, and I borrowed a VW and went around Florida talking to crackers.

Then he went west to schools at Haxtun, Colorado, "which has two grain elevators and an American Legion bar." At Haxtun, he spoke to the Lion's Club, where he met an old right-winger who introduced him to the Grange movement. He felt right at home. Colorado was then facing a potential plague of strip mining for shale, and Branscome knew the terrible realities of strip mining for coal in Appalachia. He stepped into that fight so vigorously that the local law in the form of a mean deputy sheriff nailed him one night in a hotel bar. Things were getting tricky until the bar mistress took pity on him and told the deputy to

leave. Later, Nachtigal said, "I think Jim was glad enough to leave Colorado."

Branscome, who has dealt with coalfield goons, says simply, "It scared the hell out of me."

His next stop was the Appalachian Regional Commission in Washington, which decided the best service he could render would be to produce a description of what people are really like down there. "I was the first hillbilly they'd ever seen, you see," he said, "and they were interested." He produced so much information and brought in so many interesting people to meet them that they asked him to come on staff and start a youth program. Without further ado, he did.

SEVERAL WELL-FOCUSED FELLOWSHIPS

Mary Herr, the paralegal worker from Clairfield, Tennessee, had an intensely focused fellowship year that began in 1972. Because her work was so clear-cut, she was allowed to spend much of her time in Clairfield continuing her work there.

Her aim was to extend her paralegal knowledge enough to start spreading the movement. Her first stop was at the Dixwell Legal Rights Association, a training component of the OEO Legal Services Program which operated in New Haven. She also took courses in public speaking at the University of Tenneseee for help in representing people at welfare and social security hearings. There was a National Paralegal Institute at Monterey, a land reform conference at San Francisco, a visit with the Trial Lawyers Association in Washington, D.C., and more legal training in Knoxville. Between each tour she tended to needs in Clairfield. "The best thing of all was finding others doing this same work," she said. "Remember, I hadn't known how common the idea was. I found there was lots of help, lots of people doing this—and that we weren't far off in our own approaches that we had started in a vacuum."

Michael Kline, who hoped that music could turn the mountains around, also had a focused fellowship, which he took at three-quarters time for sixteen months. This arrangement allowed him to engage now and then in political activism, which was otherwise forbidden under the terms of the fellowship. The rest of the time he wandered about the mountains searching out new music and new musicians, playing and singing and trying to rouse mountain folk to a sense of their own heritage and possibilities.

The two teachers from Lowndes County—Dorothy Hinson and Annie Jackson—found that everywhere they went on their programs

geared to alternative and community education, they were objects of intense curiosity about the rural South and about Lowndes County, famous from the civil rights movement. They realized, as so many other fellows did, that they were a learning resource for the places they visited, as well as learners themselves.

Appalachia *Is* Different

Gradually the Leadership Development Program approached its end, but not because it was failing. On the contrary, it was doing just fine. But the nation's economy was not, and the Foundation was headed into a period of retrenchment. That it should end at all shocked those who believed in it, and especially those who devoted all their time to it. The northeastern region was the first to go. Bohrson argued that Paul Judkins should be given a chance to seek other funding and won a reprieve of nearly two years. But by the end of 1974, the region was closed.

In the last years of the program, the Foundation began to move operating responsibility for the other regions to outside organizations. The Southern Regional Council (SRC) in Atlanta, which had close ties to the Foundation, took over the southeastern region, expanding it to cover the SRC's region of the entire South. Chavis had always wanted to expand his region to compound the program's momentum and effect. In its last years, the region selected about forty fellows a year, though some held short-term grants.

The southwestern region was spun off to the Center for Community Change in Washington, and the same dissatisfactions that had arisen at the Foundation over Grant's preference for sending fellows to a round of agencies (the "Chili Circuit") soon arose at the Center. As the end approached, he made no effort to find new funding.

The region-at-large collapsed into two different operations. The one dealing with American Indians, called the American Indian Education Leadership Development Program at the National Indian Training and Research Center (NITRIC) at Tempe, was a three-year program funded at $100,000 per year. It selected seven fellows the first year, eight the second, and nine the third.

Most NITRIC fellows were in organized education, and most aimed at

improving themselves as educators. Nachtigal reflected later that a man like the big Sioux might just have made it under a NITRIC program. My impression, however, is that NITRIC probably would not have selected him.

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN LEADERSHIP TRAINING (SALT)

The other division of the region-at-large was a program that evolved from the realities of Appalachia. It had some chance of surviving in one form or another for the very reason that it was indigenous—a claim that the LDP itself could never make. Southern Appalachian Leadership Training (SALT) grew directly from Nachtigal's understanding that there were so many fellows whom the program did not really help and so many problems it could not address. Aside from his reading of Michael Harrington and Paulo Freire, the biggest influence on his perception of Appalachia came from the Highlander Center, which now is located on a farm near New Market, Tennessee, east of Knoxville.

Under the redoubtable Myles Horton, Highlander had been a conceptualizing, motivating, and organizing force in the union movement in the fifties before turning in the late sixties to the even more subtle and complex matter of trying to reverse the economic degradation in which so many highlanders live. Jim Branscome, the first region-at-large fellow, knew Highlander and Edith Easterling was a member of its board. Another key figure in shaping the directions the LDP took was Mike Clark, a Berea graduate who was a Highlander staff member then and eventually became its president.

Branscome introduced Nachtigal to Highlander, and he found the network of people with whom it had worked through the mountains helpful in tracking down potential fellows. Soon Highlander was providing both a physical meeting place for fellows and much of the conceptual shaping of their experiences. The dissatisfaction and frustration that marred Branscome's abortive fellowship year was repeated in the experiences of other Appalachian fellows, for those with vague interests were hard put to find useful experiences. Nachtigal had an increasingly uneasy feeling that the LDP as a whole was too clearly designed for the middle class.

The crucial difference was one of perception. His view, which was also strong in Highlander people, was that the economic and political system of the mountains oppressed and exploited the mass of people. The LDP as a whole was aimed at equipping people to function better within the system, and it assumed not only that the system could be

improved but that generally it would welcome improvement. Therefore its aim was to equip people to improve themselves within the system and thereby the system itself.

By contrast, Appalachian fellows saw the system as the enemy of the poor and powerless. There was little or no chance to change it from within. Change from the outside would come from organizing people into effective voting blocs. It would come from understanding the law and forcing holders of power to obey the law. It would come from rallying public opinion against the excesses of power. It would come from making federal programs and agencies like TVA and the Corps of Engineers live up to federal rules instead of adopting local practices.

Therefore a valuable fellowship was not one that sent a fellow elsewhere to see how successful people operated, but one that trained him to make the system respond to the real needs of Appalachia's poor and powerless people. In 1971, Foundation officers attended a meeting with fellows at Highlander, and suspicions flamed. What was the Foundation really up to? Wasn't it trying to buy off indigenous leaders, to co-opt the impulse of change?

This meeting, coupled with Nachtigal's growing doubts, probably led to the program change that lay ahead. Nachtigal formed a task force made up of himself, Jim Branscome, Mike Clark, and Robert Sigmon, a mountain sociologist, to examine the issues and propose a new approach. The paper they wrote made a number of points:

- The assumption that existing educational institutions can be modified to better serve all segments of the population does not hold in Appalachia. Enlightened leadership seldom has access to critical leadership positions in Appalachia, where institutions are controlled by economic and political forces. Even if enlightened leadership did win such access, it would be short-lived.
- The LDP favors those who are sufficiently acculturated to survive the educational system. Most individuals in Appalachia who succeed in schools migrate or become captive of those who exploit the poor and powerless. The mountain people—those most in need of leadership—hold to traditions and a culture that make it difficult to succeed in the system and become part of the establishment even if they chose to.
- The LDP has been most successful in those segments of society where a continuum exists between those who are powerless and poor and those who have some measure of power and wealth—where there is a large accessible middle class. But in Appalachia this continuum does not exist, for the middle class is relatively small and inaccessible, controlled by the power elite.

• The "trickle down" theory of social change has very severe limitations in Appalachia, where monies and services are siphoned off before they ever reach those they are supposed to serve.

• Institutional change in Appalachia is more likely to come about because of pressures exerted by those not served by the system than by those who achieve leadership positions within that system.

• There is a growing recognition that cultural identity should not be sacrificed in the acculturation process. Fostering cultural identity is an important ingredient of good education.

Therefore, the paper argued, the LDP should drop any interest in people already part of the educational structure; instead, it should be "modified to accommodate a different kind of fellow."

> The poor and powerless must have the opportunity to bring their condition to a conscious level, be convinced that they have a right to criticize their situation, and then develop some viable courses of action to improve it. The leadership needed to bring this about...must adopt the stance of a servant-leader—one who helps other people grow and become more autonomous, who is willing to take risks in initiating actions—a leadership style that is characterized by empathy, cooperation, and a continued dialogue with the people.

SALT was an attempt to find, nominate, train, and assist these servant-leaders. Both its selection committees and its fellows came from among the poor and the powerless. Its six-month fellowships paid a subsistence stipend. The program was absolutely miserly in its travel allowances; its total cost per fellowship was barely more than a third of a regular LDP fellowship. Fellows traveled outside of the region only occasionally—to go to a UAW organizing seminar, for example, or to Washington to learn about the federal establishment.

The Highlander Center was in charge of program design, but it resisted administering the program, for it tried to avoid depending on direct program money. The Center for Community Change agreed to administer it: Mike Smathers, a young professor of Appalachian sociology, left the academic world to run the program; Jim Branscome joined the program's staff on a half-time basis; and Mike Clark continued to work on program content.

The fellowship experience had two distinct thrusts. Each fellow was expected to have a project in his or her home community, some specific thing to accomplish. Much of the program was built around that project. The second thrust was to give fellows broad general insights on materials and techniques that would help them press the system toward change from the outside.

SALT fellows were encouraged to see themselves as a group in a way that LDP fellows were not. For several days at a time, the staff conducted regular training sessions for the whole cohort so that the servant-leaders could learn from people who had dealt with community problems at a grass-roots level. Sessions often featured people who had led a campaign against strip mining or against a new dam. Typical speakers included organizers from groups like Save Our Cumberland Mountains; people interested in brown-lung problems from the Carolina mills; self-taught paralegal experts like Mary Herr; and people who had learned to search out the owners of real estate and spot undertaxation of corporate landholdings.

Meetings were held every three or four weeks for the six-month fellowship period. Fellows discussed the problems in their communities in roundtable sessions and advised each other. Smathers and Branscome led these talks and conducted direct training. Emphasizing the discovery and documentation of basic facts, they instructed the fellows in doing library research, taking affidavits, and using public records. They showed how documented facts can arouse public opinion and how political pressure can follow proof of the delinquency of public officials. Branscome led discussions in dealing with the media and getting one's story across. They also talked about how to present testimony to congressional hearings and how to interest congressional investigators. In short, they learned about what people who have been squeezed out of the system rarely know—that the rule of law gives people powerful tools with which to affect their own future, but only if they know how to use them.

The staff tried to help the fellow to find answers; they counseled and encouraged him or her to apply them. In theory, the servant-leader could lead by serving; he or she could show the people possibilities, help them create their own structures for action, and continue to bring in outside resources. Because the structure would be theirs, they would have reason to trust and support it.

The original paper had proposed other efforts as well. One on which the Foundation acted was the Mountain Community Education Project (MCEP)—a complicated plan for finding indigenous leaders in a group of mountain communities. These leaders would travel to the other communities in the group to exchange practical information. Again, the idea was not only that people learn best from each other but also that their morale is bolstered by learning how others have tried to act against similar problems.

The MCEP, which came to be called "the travel program," ran into

immediate trouble. Its beginning coincided with a national gasoline shortage. All mountain travel is by automobile, and people are reluctant to leave home when they may not find gasoline to return. Finding people who wanted the MCEP experience was difficult, for the high-spirited optimism of the sixties was giving way to the much less hopeful view that now pervades the mountains. Those who made the trips were expected to live in the homes of like-minded people in other communities, but these people were still strangers, no matter how like-minded. This facet of the program produced real resistance. It immediately became evident that the idea would require a great deal more staff time than SALT could give it; gradually it was set aside.

The fellows program flourished. By June 1977, a total of forty-four fellows had been chosen. The quality of these fellows—and their successes—varied widely. The program always operated under severe financial restrictions, which may have inhibited some growth. Branscome and Smathers paid themselves at the same subsistence level and were equally cautious with their own travel funds. The program's authors considered this essential. If anyone could be seen to profit from the program, the program itself would be called into question. On the other side of the coin were real limitations in what fellows could accomplish and in how much practical help the staff could give them.

The Ford Foundation funding ended as the last of the forty-four completed their fellowships. The program staff members and the Highlander staff valiantly tried to persuade the Foundation to continue the program, and when that failed, they sought outside funding. Regardless of how immediately such funding may be found, or what form it may take and what changes it will impose on the way SALT operates, SALT itself remains a live and functioning idea that—unlike the rest of the LDP—can survive indefinitely in suspended animation. Sooner or later, in one form or another, it is likely to reappear.

THREE SALT FELLOWS

Three of the several SALT fellows I talked to in 1976 seemed particularly significant. I encountered them first at one of the second cohort's early training sessions in 1976, talked at length to each, and later visited each one at home.

Millie Walters (Tennessee)

Millie Walters of Wartburg, Tennessee, was thirty-two and had had a good many ups and downs behind her. Her father was killed in a coal

mine when she was a year old, and her mother remarried unhappily, worked for years cleaning rooms in motels, and died young of cancer. Walters had a variety of jobs she saw as pointless before she landed on a country newspaper and worked her way up to the position of news editor. When she began to learn how the system worked, she disliked it. She ran unsuccessfully for office, wrote stories about community problems, and wore out her welcome with the publisher. It all made her realize that newspapers were not necessarily her best vehicle for community action. Determined to be a community activist, she entered a campaign to preserve wild rivers, but she soon found herself in deep financial trouble. She had to apply for food stamps and to pick up bit work in a grocery store when she could.

SALT seemed the answer to her prayers: support for the very sort of community work she had decided was her forte. The selection committee quizzed her hard and turned her down because she had too light a community base and was insufficiently involved. Walters continued the rivers' fight, entered a campaign against strip mining led by Save Our Cumberland Mountains, studied her own county, and was back for the next selection committee.

She was selected. But determined though she was, she still had only a vague idea of what she could actually do. What her community needed, she thought, was a countywide women's center—a place where women in trouble could come for counseling, legal assistance, training, mental health problems, and general aid. There was no place in Morgan County to which, say, a battered wife or a woman suffering waves of depression could turn.

Her program concept was to lay the groundwork for such a center. She would survey women in the county to determine their needs, survey county resources, and aim the center at the gaps between needs and resources. By the end of her fellowship, she hoped to have a board appointed and working and a preliminary plan funded. At the same time, she would join one of Mary Herr's paralegal classes one week of each month. Not surprisingly, Walters's plans proved much too grand for a single person with little experience to accomplish in half a year.

In the training portion of her program, she attended the SALT workshops; she attended an organizing conference of the auto workers' union in Michigan, where she learned that unions can have social consciences. A visit to Washington served chiefly to emphasize how little she knew; a National Organization for Women (NOW) conference on rural women was more interesting than useful, since most of the women attending were urban academics. Another SALT workshop took

her through research realities, and the Pine Mountain Settlement School in eastern Kentucky gave her a feel for old mountain radicals and their stirring ideas.

At home, however, the huge job she had undertaken foundered. Moving the idea of a woman's center from the conceptual to the real proved more difficult than she had anticipated. Her marriage was sundered unexpectedly, and the stipend of $300 per month (with a $200 travel allowance) that SALT had judged would meet her needs now worked real hardship. She depended on a small stipend from paralegal training. At the same time, her attention gradually fixed on the paralegal training because it was focused and real. Herr was in Wartburg for a week each month and left enough homework for another week; in the time that remained, Walters began working with an effort to start two public legal offices in Morgan County. One would be a legal services clinic, and the other would deal much more broadly with class-action suits. As her fellowship approached its end, funding for the clinic was certain but problematic for the second office. Her idea of a woman's clinic was still no more than an idea.

Walters considered her program a success, and I agree. She had focused her interest in community action, found a vehicle that could make it work, acquired training in that specific field, and had learned much about how the system works. Walters has at least a working chance of becoming a social force in Morgan County.

Anise Floyd (West Virginia)

Anise Floyd of Charleston, West Virginia, is a confident and extremely likable woman in her fifties who has made herself a power in the fight to rescue miners disabled by black lung. Floyd came out of the mills to work as a maid in Charleston in the days when segregation was still rigid. Blacks were not allowed to work in hospitals then, but during the Second World War, Floyd joined a home-nursing course for blacks. In 1957 she became a licensed practical nurse. Soon she was president of the local chapter of the practical nursing association and joined the board of the state organization.

Floyd's father had died years before of miner's asthma—black lung. Her mother approached the end of her life an invalid, desperately in need of the pension awarded widows of black-lung victims. Floyd set out to get her mother that pension and ran squarely into the immense difficulties the black-lung laws imposed on claimants. The hospital in which her father had died had burned, and with it the records. The doctors who had treated him were dead. She scoured the coalfields,

found five old men who could attest that he had died of the disease. By the time she won the pension for her mother, she was an expert on black lung, the law, and the problems people had in actually claiming benefits.

Floyd is one of those people who radiate both decency and competence, which naturally draws people in need of help. Many old miners—and especially black miners—long ill with black lung and supporting themselves hand-to-mouth with odd jobs, could not read or write and were hopelessly baffled by the requirements for pressing claims. Men and women turned to Floyd by the hundreds, and she became nearly a full-time advocate. She came to Senator Jennings Randolph's attention, was asked to testify on black lung before his committee, and got involved in the effort to improve the law. To implement all this work she formed a group she called the Miners' Wives and Widows Association of West Virginia. However, the question was how she could support herself while she continued this work.

The SALT program offered her a fellowship. But she was an unusual fellow, more teacher than learner. She already understood organization. When she appeared at the workshops, she seemed to function half as fellow, half as resource person, preaching the value of organizing. Younger fellows turned to her for advice and counsel, often trying out their ideas, hopes, and plans on her before broaching them to Smathers or Branscome.

Her fellowship period was unusually structured and pointed, for her focus was the work she was already doing. She spent much of her expense money on the telephone, accepting collect calls from desperate people all over the region. She went to Ohio and Kentucky to help start new black-lung associations. But most of all, she devoted her time to serving as advocate for one individual after another who faced the harrowing task of trying to prove his eligibility for black-lung pensions. Before her was a huge array of human need—old men with whispery voices bent and shuffling with lungs destroyed, or their wives or their widows, coming to her sitting room with papers they could not read, forms they could not understand, facing demands they could not grasp. She probably did more actual good for particular individuals during her program than any other fellow I met in the entire LDP.

In the end, however, the program failed her for it gave no thought to helping her put her work on a long-term basis. It was startling to talk to her near the end of her fellowship and discover that she had never incorporated the Miners' Wives and Widows Association of West

Virginia. At law, it did not really exist and could not have received funds had any been forthcoming. Yes, she said, various people had said that she should incorporate the association, but she feared the legal expenses and hardly knew where to turn. She was so confident, so much more the teacher than the learner, so airily unconcerned with these details, that SALT seems never to have noticed that in reality she was floundering. Thus at the end of a period that could have been, with guidance, highly creative for her, she finished not a step closer to her goal and with no way to continue her work. (Later, after reading an early draft of this report, Smathers responded that in fact SALT is continuing to work with Floyd and asserted that this demonstrates a "commitment and capacity for long-term follow-up" on the part of SALT.

Frank Kilgore (Virginia)

Frank Kilgore is a muscular young man who grew up on Honey Branch in Wise County, Virginia. His father and grandfather were coal miners, and he likes to stress that he is not against the taking of coal but only against the excesses that accompany it. He was a senior majoring in Appalachian studies at Clinch Valley State College in Wise when he came to SALT, and he had already made himself a thorn in the hide of the coal operators of Virginia—and it takes a considerable thorn to penetrate a hide that thick.

He had pondered the bleeding hillsides left all around by strip miners operating under a Virginia reclamation law that had few noticeable benefits. "We are like a disadvantaged, underdeveloped country," he mused. "We export coal and we get subsidies in return—welfare and black-lung pensions." Kilgore began writing thoughtful, literate letters to newspapers denouncing coal company practices, and the newspapers printed them. His first letters were simply concerned, but then he began to research for statistics to support his contentions, and people started noticing his letters and speaking to him.

As part of a federal program at the college that was developing an Appalachian curriculum, Kilgore designed a six-week course on the land and its destruction and presented it, along with a slide show of strip mining at work, at a local high school. In late 1975, he agreed to be spokesman for Concerned Citizens for Fair Taxes—a new group devoted to fighting for a just severance tax on coal. In Wise County, for example, three coal firms owned more than 50 per cent of the land but were paying only 12 per cent of the county's taxes.

Kilgore continued to build the slide show and expand the lecture that had started in the schools. Gradually it focused on strip mining as a disaster, and Kilgore constantly improved and updated what he had. Many strip mines are surrounded by armed guards. His technique was to approach them on foot through the woods to within 100 yards. Then he would climb a tree to photograph in the clear until the guards would see him and start for him. He would slither down and set out on a dead run. He could hear the men crashing through the underbrush, but he was young and fleet. This was extremely dangerous, for many beatings—and some killings—occur around strip mines.

The fair taxes group was essentially a research organization and was somewhat limited in its interests. Despite the severity of the tax problem, the real failure in surface mining in southeastern Virginia is the state's failure to enforce serious reclamation. Reclamation, which is impossible on some slopes, feasible on others, is always expensive. Whatever the reclamation possibilities, few miners will face that expense unless they are forced to do so.

Just before his fellowship began, Kilgore organized a new group that he called Virginia Citizens for Better Reclamation (VCBR). He filed all the proper papers and required a fee of $5 a year to join it, understanding instinctively that until people make a real investment they have little real feeling for a group. When Kilgore appeared at the first SALT workshop, VCBR was three weeks old and had thirty members.

"The day of the outsider, the imported do-gooder rousing people in the mountains, is past," he said. "Now we've got to rouse ourselves and fight our own battles. That's what we're trying to do. And if we're not successful, I guess we'll have to go back to individual methods, which are effective but illegal."

Kilgore devoted his fellowship to building his organization and to developing his slide show, which he aimed to counteract the slide show that an association of surface miners was offering schools. He attended SALT workshops and other program experiences, but he really felt that time spent away from his organization was lost time. He already knew enough about organizing to be able to contribute more to the workshops than he drew.

When I saw him toward the end of his fellowship, he had shown his slides and given his accompanying lecture some sixty times, mostly in the region but sometimes out of it. He will drive a couple hundred miles for an audience of two and then drive all night to get home. The VCBR had grown to 130 members, and the figure was climbing. He had

established a newsletter and was busily photographing and documenting various surface-mining outrages: taxes not paid, reclamation circumvented, streams and property destroyed. He related it all to failure of the Virginia reclamation laws.

Partly from his fellowship experiences, Kilgore has learned how to draw public attention to his claims. He is courageous to a fault, handsome, highly articulate, and brash. He demands the right to testify before the Virginia legislature and the U.S. Congress, and if he is denied, he holds a press conference outside the committee door. Because he has an immense command of facts clearly marshaled and neat and clever ways of putting them, he makes good copy. After that, the committee usually invites him inside, where he blisters coal company representatives who have learned both to respect and to detest him. Newspapers, including the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, find him a useful source on the mining problems of southeastern Virginia.

As the fellowship ended, he was seeking subsistence funding to continue organizing, and his chances seemed good. He was aiming at 600 members and an expanded newsletter. Threats floated through the coal counties in Virginia's tip, but the VCBR seemed a growing fact that threats were unlikely to stop.

Taking on a New Personality

The experiences of the fellowship years usually led to an expanding of philosophical outlooks and a broadening of professional perspectives. When people in host agencies revealed themselves as suspicious, fellows often had to defend themselves and to explore their own feelings and attitudes in ways deeper than many had ever done before. In the end, some fellows became militants, but all felt that they had grown as human beings.

For example, some southern whites found it difficult to deal with blacks, and angry blacks could hardly bear to talk to whites. A great credit to K.Z. Chavis's wisdom as an administrator is that he neither permitted such divisions nor tolerated racist views from either race. He also had all fellows undergo training to sort out their racial attitudes and set their racial dealings straight. Many northeastern fellows had seldom encountered blacks. One young woman from Maine found herself the only white at a big interactive session deep in the inner city of Detroit, and she had to crystallize her feelings on the spot. A Chicana from New Mexico was put off by the black scene in Washington, D.C. Her concern, she said, was that social activity there might lead to romance, and she was so firm in her own culture that involvement in another was unthinkable.

The regional reps, all of whom were aware of the potential hazard fellows faced as their programs began, tried in various ways to prepare them. The geographic range of the region-at-large, coupled with Nachtigal's tendency to select people far outside the mainstream, accounted in part for his interest in changing the program. There simply was no way for him to meet the problems that the big Sioux, for example, would encounter. Paul Judkins and David Grant drew new fellows to preliminary conferences, where they examined details of what fellows could expect, and both encouraged fellows to be in touch

frequently by phone. Each year, Chavis held large conferences for current fellows, former fellows, and newly appointed fellows. He also invited selection committee members, resource people, mentors from host agencies, trainers, and others. All his fellows received training in group dynamics as well as in how agencies work, how one presents oneself, how one divines the real issue in a situation, how situations may be turned to one's advantage, and so on.

MARITAL STRESS AND ADJUSTMENTS

From the start, the program recognized that the fellowship year would cause marital stress. Reps were at pains to include spouses in fellowship planning, and selection committees usually asked candidates how their spouses would react to their selection. Although this line of questioning often irritated candidates, it was really a critical matter, for a willing spouse was one key to a fellow's success. Travel budgets allowed spouses to go along, but whether they went or stayed home, the situation was difficult. If the spouse stayed behind, the fellow was off in some exotic place alone, having who knew what adventures. The spouse who accompanied the fellow usually was stuck with finding the place to live, locating stores and services, and watching children, often in a cramped apartment far from the comforts of home. The wonder, considering it all, was that the fellowship program did not create more marital trouble. The rule seemed to be that the fellowship experience might well strengthen an already strong marriage, but it could be rough on a shaky one. Paul Judkins said that at first he was horrified that so many of his fellows separated from their spouses; then he found they approximated the national average for divorces.

Couples that functioned as couples throughout the experience tended to be drawn together. The Indian fellow from Laguna Pueblo, Pat Pacheco, who was so surprised when her husband Gilbert gave up a good job to accompany her, thinks their marriage was clearly strengthened. "The car broke down in New Orleans once, and we had four wonderful days there, and that helped a lot," she said. Gilbert Pacheco inserted himself into programs wherever they went, and gradually his attitudes changed. Some of the machismo that flavors many Indian marriages ebbed; now they both hold jobs, and he shares household chores.

Abe and Emma Armendariz also thought their joint fellowship strengthened their marriage. Their children, ages four and seven, went along and they shared caring for them. It was the first time they had worked together professionally, and it was not always easy. "Both of us

are aggressive in different ways," she said, "and we didn't always consider the same things important." Another point, she thought, was that until then he saw her only as a wife in Hispanic culture. Because of the program his perspective changed, and their relationship is now different.

Frankie King, that vivacious woman from Auburn, Alabama, who decided after thirteen years as a maid to turn her life into one of action, found her husband did not take her plans seriously. He was a hardworking supermarket produce manager, and there were six children to care for. But she made her case. "I believe persons have a right even with a family to do what they need to do—I have to please me, too. We're a family, but we're still individuals. No one must try to stop another, and no one must let another stop him." Presented with such a rationale, her husband agreed. A son came home from a European tour and he and his father watched over the family while she followed her fellowship.

A Vermont fellow whose program took her far away for long periods thought her husband suffered. "I think he had a lonely year," she said evenly, "and it didn't do our marriage any good. We're just not as close as we were. We've drifted apart, and there's not much to be done about it now. Perhaps it would have happened anyway, I don't know. But he was lonely, and I was very involved."

Many fellows had experiences that were as illuminating personally as their professional experiences were. Jere Whitten of Presque Isle, Maine, had a successful and satisfying fellowship year focused on public television. But what lingered seemed to be the places he had seen. He went first to New York City, which fascinated him but chilled his wife. "She was propositioned on the street during the day and after that she wouldn't step outside until I came back in the evening." They had married just before the program began, and he had supposed the program might serve as an extended honeymoon. Their divorce soon after the fellowship ended had nothing to do, he insisted, with the fellowship. After New York, the Whittens drove west, paused in Reno, won $50 in the slot machines. His quiet voice went on, describing, and I had the feeling that it was the places, the variety, the faces, and the sights and sounds of America that had really caught his attention.

PERSONAL GROWTH

For Colleen Brewer, an Indian fellow from Kyle, South Dakota, the delightful growth she experienced during her fellowship was much more personal than professional. She had been a teaching nun and was

used to a sheltered life. She traveled, attended conventions, spoke up at meetings, spread her opinions about, and was pleased to find people interested. "It was quite a vivid change," she said. "I took on a new personality."

Naomi Salazar, the nun from Antonito, Colorado, continued to live in convents as she traveled, holding her travel budget so low that there was plenty for her European trip. But here she was getting on airplanes alone, talking to people, speaking up at meetings, renting automobiles, and presenting herself at agencies—it was brilliantly different from life in the order.

Charles Smith, who became county commissioner of Lowndes County, traveled quietly around soaking up books as well as experiences. He educated himself in the historical perspective of blacks as he had been unable to do before. In another part of his program, he encountered a young lawyer with a shortage of cases and quietly drew the man into a tutorial role. Thus he studied the nature of law, its relation to government, and the way government works—all points that were crucial when he took office.

Accomplishing a Lot—In People Terms

At the end of the fellowship year, the fellows went home to pick up the threads of their lives. This seems not to have been so difficult as program officers had feared. Most appear to have come home easily enough, often with some relief, and to have been ready to move ahead. Their main problem was that of earning their living after a year of the LDP stipend.

Some teachers returned to their classrooms; others could no longer stand the limits of a single classroom; a few, like Rufus Huffman, had to force schools to live up to bargains. Many went to graduate school to complete work started during the fellowship. Others sought new jobs, and a few pressed schools into letting them start imaginative programs.

A few fellows had to settle for jobs that barely provided a living, but most were able to follow their interests. A few joined programs in which they had interned, and a good many community activists found their way to social programs in their regions. Though most of these programs have a rural cast, some are located in central cities. Most of the fellows I met in cities like Atlanta and Albuquerque were in graduate school or were working for programs oriented to rural affairs.

Many fellows became principals, assistant superintendents, and superintendents of schools. Some no doubt were helped by the honor of having been selected for the program; some were motivated to struggle for positions to which they might not otherwise have aspired; some received training through the LDP, which made them natural candidates. Certainly all the fellows who achieved such positions applied concepts they had encountered in the program. While many surely found themselves sharply limited by the circumstances of their new offices, a number were able to improve their schools immediately.

Some fellows have gone on to high-ranking positions of all sorts. A number hold commanding roles in state departments of education, often in positions that have rural impact. Some have become tribal leaders, some have founded imaginative local programs, some have established useful liaisons between communities and officials. One was secretary of corrections for the state of New Mexico, a cabinet-level position, when I interviewed him; another had just taken charge of a regional office of the BIA. A number have been elected to office, including Huffman and Smith; several fellows have become mayors, and many have been elected to school boards.

Program officers nourished a hope that fellows might continue to play a role as fellows after they finished the program. The question of postfellowship awards arose early, since there were fellows in every cohort who felt that with a bit more time they could accomplish a great deal. Recognizing the potential for dependency, the program allowed no further stipend. However, it did permit small grants, rarely of more than $2000, to purchase equipment, start a local program, or finance further travel.

NETWORKING: AN UNATTAINED GOAL

As the number of former fellows grew, as a map pinned with their locations began to reveal patterns, the hope was that they could multiply their impact—and thus the program's impact—by forming networks of cooperation, interaction, and information exchange. This hope was not fulfilled. Although fellows knew other fellows, friendships and acquaintances do not necessarily become networks. In the Northeast there was no sign of a network, probably because no central cause drew everyone's attention. Chavis put considerable effort into forming networks, but the concept never jelled. The principal reason for failure seemed to be that though the fellows were interested in the same things and were sympathetic to one another, they could not give much real help to one another. Local problems, in the end, are local; people working on them need power, not advice. Only in Appalachia did the concept seem to work, but it did so through an existing network surrounding Highlander; there was no LDP network there.

The notion of power raises another favorite concept—critical mass: if there were just enough former fellows in an area who could work together, perhaps synergy would follow. To some extent, the four fellows of Lowndes County share perceptions and had parallel experiences that do draw them together. When Chavis suggests a rally in the area, he can count on fifteen or twenty people appearing from

Bullock County, Montgomery, Tuskegee, and Lowndes County. But while they share perceptions about civil rights or the general direction of their society, their basic interests race off in all directions. At one point, former fellows of the southeastern region formed an association with Joe Poston as its president, and he organized diligently. In the end, however, my estimate remained that no real action would follow.

The concept of critical mass may be slightly more effective in northern New Mexico. The large number of fellows from that area—educators for whom Grant designed similar programs—and the uniformity of the region and its problems may serve to create some cohesion. Carlos Atencio, an intense teacher who is assistant superintendent at Cuba, New Mexico, organized a group of thirteen former fellows into the Northern New Mexico Consortium. The consortium acquired outside funding and took on a life of its own; it held regular meetings and planned a variety of projects.

TWO STYLES OF LEADERSHIP

Connie Harper, the teacher who opened the Tysonville Headstart, focused on the problems of Macon County youngsters when they left school. Many migrated to nearby Montgomery, where they found that nothing they had learned was much help in finding a job. Harper had heard of a movement founded by Leon Sullivan in Philadelphia, Pa. It was called Opportunities Industrialization Center (OIC) and promoted training that translated into real jobs. Harper based her fellowship period in Sullivan's center.

When Fannie Lou Hamer, the Mississippi freedom fighter, canceled a speech in Philadelphia, Harper was asked to substitute. She spoke on the need of rural blacks for "a survival kit when they come to the city." The Philadelphia papers put her on the front page, and the next day Sullivan told her, "You are going to start the first rural OIC." Assuming he would give her funding and staff, she sketched her concept: a hub in Montgomery with satellite organizations in adjacent rural areas. Sullivan told her that he had no help for her. "But if you do this," he said, "you will never regret it."

She returned to her classroom and every afternoon drove to that part of Montgomery where hopeless men congregate on corners, winos sleep in doorways, and dealers push heroin on the street. Self-help was not a message they wanted to hear. They ignored her. A man spat on her. One rainy day, she stood drenched on the sidewalk outside a poolroom. "My God, lady," the owner said, "come in out of the rain!" So she was inside.

She explained Sullivan's message: "You can pull yourself up by the bootstraps, and we'll give you the bootstraps." The poolroom owner gave her a corner, and the Montgomery OIC was born.

After a year she left school and devoted herself entirely to the program. Night after night she drove home late to the farm near Shorter, where she and her family still live. Finally her husband rebelled. In the midst of the trouble that followed, their son cried, "Daddy, why don't you let Mama do these things she needs to do?" That broke the ice. The family survived, and Harper built her program with various grants to an annual budget of $525,000, with fifty-six employees. In the recession of the seventies, she retrenched and was operating, when I visited her, at about $75,000 per year. Around the hub are various satellites that open and close as need and opportunity arise.

She has lectured at the University of Ghana and the University of Lagos, but the Tysonville Headstart has closed. Now she wants to go home to renew her ties and help her community reorganize. She has made the circle.

Edith Easterling of Pike County, Kentucky, interned at Harper's OIC in Montgomery during her fellowship year and was disturbed by Harper's style. Easterling's own program was not particularly distinguished, and after her fellowship she tried to start a food cooperative in Pike County that failed for the usual reasons. Then she stepped permanently into the long fight against strip mining. And although victories against strip mining are rare, she has had occasional successes. No institutions or programs bear her name; she continues to present herself simply as an individual who tries to help, but she is sought after throughout the mountains. She serves on boards, works with organizations, goes to meetings, and speaks up in a nasal, penetrating voice that slices through confusion and controversy. What makes her voice most penetrating are the wisdom and perspective and generosity that inform it. Many people in the mountains are not really ready to act "until I've heard what Edith has to say."

While Easterling is a community leader—a leader by ideas, convictions, good sense, and an impeccable personal position—Connie Harper is a leader by inspiration—one who seizes people and sweeps them along on her rhetoric, vision, and personal force. She is often indirect in her approach to her goals, and frequently manipulative. By whipsawing a situation, she snatches from it something that will advance her work and help rescue the people who are her mission. She operates on a much larger immediate scale than does Easterling.

My judgment—and my reason for contrasting them—is that both women are of roughly equal strength and are equally accepted, equally powerful, and equally effective as they drive from opposite poles of leadership.

BUILDING ON THE FELLOWSHIP EXPERIENCE

Barney Pelletier (Maine)

At Eagle Lake, Maine, long before he heard of the LDP, Barney Pelletier began teaching in the same grammar school he had attended as a child. He was as unhappy as a teacher as he had been as a student, but he clarified his professional aims: "I thought that school should be a place where kids wanted to come and teachers wanted to teach."

Although 90 per cent of the people in the area are bilingual, the principal believed that they should speak English only, and students were punished if they were caught speaking French. "She was just mean. I think she enjoyed the kids' distress. She had taught in a reform school and she knew how to control. The school board prized this quality—it left them very little to worry about. And her attitude rubbed off on the other teachers. They thought this was the way it was done, and they liked to work for her. Well, she perceived me badly."

Pelletier's fellowship year aimed at a bilingual program he hoped to start. The school board refused it midway through the year, but the superintendent offered him the principalship of an elementary school in nearby Fort Kent, which would move into a new building the following year. Pelletier accepted with delight and spent the rest of his fellowship learning about administration. Then he went home, and with a free hand he began creating the kind of school he had visualized.

He is there today, in a handsome school with an enrollment of 900, drawing children from miles around.

> I have a breakfast program, mostly for the kids coming by bus, 300 or 400 breakfasts every morning. They stay grouped by buses, and every morning I sit with a different group and chat. One group is from an area that raises Herefords, and I used to raise a few myself, so we talk about that. It makes the kids feel important—they see the administration as friendly, human. I insist on that throughout the school. I want the kids and the teachers to be happy, to enjoy being here. That's what makes a learning situation. And I think they are happy. The schools at Caribou have lost ten days from bomb threats, and we haven't had one.

The staff resisted the open techniques that he devised, but over the years they learned or they left. He is satisfied with his staff's teaching skill and sees his purpose—which in northern Maine amounts to

pioneering—as making the school not chaotic or undisciplined, but a place in which learning becomes a natural, pleasant act. "Once a student said to me, 'Seems like all our teachers are interested in what we're interested in.' And I knew we were on the right track. They like school. You see it in their faces."

Pat Pacheco (New Mexico)

Pat Pacheco of Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico, who looked at Indian alcohol programs, was a member of the tribal board that oversaw the existing alcohol program. She began struggling to expand the program to include mental health. "I resisted the idea that Indians had alcohol problems," she said. "They had human problems that turned some of them toward alcohol. The new idea was to look at the whole human being and try to deal with all the human problems and needs in that person." That meant turning the agency into a community services organization. They brought in a professional supervisor, and Pacheco continued to work in the program, often as a caseworker. "Gradually we are turning ourselves into therapists," she said. The agency now has about 1000 clients a year—out of a population of 6000—a startling percentage.

Successful though Pacheco has been in bringing change in her community, perhaps the greatest change is within herself. "My success," she says, "was in finding me—what I need, who I am." This was what freed her to determine the work she wanted to do and to find the resources to make it succeed.

Ted Carpenter (Tennessee)

Ted Carpenter, who became entranced with using videotape for social action, had extraordinary success building on his fellowship experience. He says, "The LDP was very important in my development. It gave me my tools, and at the same time it allowed me to strengthen my roots in community action. I think individual success in the program generally was in ratio to the fellow's capacity to set individual goals and pursue them, having the discipline to do so. It gave you the freedom to change and shape and improve your program as you went along."

At the end of his fellowship year, he received a postfellowship grant of $2500 that allowed him to buy equipment. He worked half time in a Stanford University experimental health program in the mountains to support himself and spent the other half of his time traveling in Appalachia and perfecting his use of videotape. He began to plan a community video operation that would be self-supporting.

Eventually, the Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC) asked him to put together a system of producing tapes that would transmit public interest information over the existing cable facilities that carry television generally into the mountains. Out of this came Broadside, a nonprofit video production house devoted to public service. Carpenter was determined not to depend on large outside grants, which, like SALT itself, have a tendency to dry up just as people begin to feel that they are becoming effective. Broadside did not seek grants for operating expenses, though a Ford Foundation grant bought equipment and a $40,000 loan from the Foundation helped Broadside handle cash flow problems. Broadside had some federal contracts, but it also got matching contracts with area schools to produce instructional material. After two years it phased out the ARC grants.

By the end of the third year, Broadside had seventeen separate sources of income. But cable had begun its downturn. At the same time it became apparent that the Federal Communications Commission was not enforcing strictly the requirement to carry programs originating locally. In financial straits themselves, the cable companies dropped Broadside. As a result, financial pressures started to mount, the Foundation loan was exhausted beyond possible repayment, and the organization began to collapse.

After agonized efforts to keep Broadside afloat, Carpenter felt that he had to leave. He joined the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting (NCCB) in Washington and ended most of Broadside's operation. A small band of loyalists hung on without pay, reorganized Broadside, and reopened it; it functions today on a different basis. When I talked to Carpenter, he was just leaving NCCB to head one of four task forces on public participation for the Carnegie Commission on the Future of Public Broadcasting.

Jim Branscome (Kentucky)

Jim Branscome believed in the LDP concept but considered his own fellowship year a waste. His career since then, which included helping design and operate SALT, was as focused as Carpenter's. He was delighted when the ARC asked him to start a youth program in Appalachia. At twenty-two, he had strong feelings about the plight of youngsters in Appalachia, the ranks of whom he had barely left. Within a few weeks he had a major program going, one that would spend a million dollars in the next year.

The program did not last long, but Branscome continues to locate and denounce the chicanery he finds all about him. After a year or so,

when his days were clearly numbered at ARC, he called a press conference and resigned from that organization with a bang and went off to run an anti-strip mine group in Appalachia. He began writing for the activist *Mountain Eagle* at Whitesburg, Kentucky, and made himself a specialist in—and perhaps the ranking critic of—the Tennessee Valley Authority. At the same time, he began a career as a regional free-lance journalist that has put his byline in major publications over stories that illuminate the region's problems.

Hawk Littlejohn (North Carolina)

For many fellows, the year was a turning point in their lives—and of those, some were people whose release was from their own rage. Hawk Littlejohn, the militant Cherokee who was a practitioner of his tribe's traditional medicine, was in that position. He entered the program angry and intolerant. Though the conditions in which Indians live are ample to sustain his anger, he is a much broader man today.

> I used to feel I knew what was good for people, what they should do and how they should think. But I went other places during that year, and I saw leaders there dealing with what people wanted. Now I too try to plant seeds and let them develop, and to let the people tell me what they want. Before the LDP year, I was in a vacuum. When I left home, I went to national Indian meetings, militant meetings, and I saw only my own view reflected. The program got me out to reality. I saw how other kinds of people look at problems and how they solve them. It made me more open, more willing to accept things.

One of the things he learned to accept was a more varied notion of white people. "I had not liked whites at all, just had not liked them. We called ourselves *yunwija*, a Cherokee word meaning 'the real people.' But I found during that fellowship year that there were all kinds of people—including whites—who were *yunwija*. I couldn't accept that before."

Littlejohn had hoped to start a health and alcohol clinic at Cherokee, but the conservative tribal elders immediately vetoed his plans; they saw him as much too militant. However, a speech at the University of North Carolina medical school stimulated a proposal from the university that he try to revive three failing rural health clinics, which needed local leadership.

In six months, Littlejohn had turned them around, located a physician for each, and hired a permanent director to watch over all three. Continuing with the university, he started the county alcohol program that he had long planned. He started a halfway house for addicts and alcoholics, and he persuaded the state to finance it.

Littlejohn still maintains a small practice of traditional medicine, but he spends most of his time lecturing at the university and doing extensive field work in rural health.

NEW LIVES FOR FOUR FELLOWS (LOWNDES COUNTY)

For Bob Mants, the angry man who went into Lowndes County, Alabama, with Stokely Carmichael, the fellowship year meant a new perspective on life. Even today Mants remains angry, forceful, quick to take offense. There is a roughness in him when he turns suddenly on people who seem to cross him. Below that roughness, though, there is a quality of warmth and even of kindliness—as if his humanity shows even when he means to hide it. Consequently, while it pays strangers—and it seems not unfair to say that it especially pays *white* strangers—to be wary of him, still there is a humane and likable quality that comes through his prickliness.

When he came to the LDP, the pressures of a decade on the front lines of the civil rights movement seem almost to have extinguished that quality. He was bitter and burned: "I'd had too much range, do you understand? Across the spectrum, sit-ins to shoot-outs, and I was lucky to be alive. I'd been active at a young age—I saw too much, too soon, too young, too fast. I was down in south Georgia at the time, and I was isolated. I felt as if I was hibernating from the world. I was at a crossroads. I could go either way, and the way it worked out, the LDP was very important to me, very important."

K.Z. Chavis believes the program brought Mants back to the land of the living, and I think that is correct. The year gave him a chance to seek out the person within himself, away from confrontation and pressure. It broadened his perspective, refocused his ideas, awakened his interest in the sort of constructive approach to problems that he encountered around the country. It rekindled his capacity to love.

When his year was finished, he went for another year to Goddard College in Vermont and finished the degree he had abandoned. There were few blacks there, and race was not the only question as it was at home. Of all the fellows I met, Mants is the one who seems to have drawn the most personal benefit. I think he believes that the program rescued him.

He returned to the South able to see the civil rights movement in broader perspective. He did a tour with the Voter Education Project and then a year with the Southeast Alabama Self-Help Association (SEASHA) at Tuskegee. When he and I talked, he was unemployed; his wife was working, and he was tending the children. "It's a role

reversal," he said. "It's also a very meaningful experience, partly as a test of the steadfastness of some of the things I believe, partly as a test of my endurance." He smiled.

Mants continues to work with the four fellows from Lowndes County. Of the four, Charles Smith clearly is the leader. That he is today a county commissioner of intransigent Lowndes he calls "a miraculous act of God." He ran on the National Democratic Party of Alabama ticket, almost unnoticed, against two white men who felt the race lay between them. It was 1972. The county's black people were excited, going to the polls was still new and thrilling, and they flocked to vote for him. He won by a very narrow margin. "Three and a half years later, the white merchants supported me. They found it wasn't so bad to have a black commissioner because I didn't serve as a black man, but as a man with an awareness of local problems. In 1976, my former opponents came out in my support."

He had made some changes, though.

> A sliding scale had been used to pay black laborers in the county. If a man didn't have the courage to negotiate for his wages, they paid him very little. My first official act was to equalize pay and categorize the skills. The poor man working in the ditch found his pay changing. And we opened the way for blacks to move up into machinery operator categories. There had been no black operating county machinery, and we proved to the community that blacks could do it as well as anyone. At the same time the whole community found a black commissioner was just as open to their needs as anyone.

His first big test came over a health clinic that had served an almost entirely black clientele. OEO was shutting the clinic down, but was willing to turn it over to local control. When a black group made application, the white power structure froze. The federal government formally offered the clinic, but the local government delayed accepting it. Smith believes that the ultimate intention was to turn it over to private practitioners. The white commissioners met without Smith and wrote the OEO, saying that they were unanimous in wanting the clinic given directly to them without restrictions.

Smith learned of this and wrote the OEO and other interested agencies that the request was not unanimous. He wrote formal letters to the other commissioners warning them that he would fight. They held a meeting which he believes was designed to intimidate him. But he had marshaled a logical case and had a firm grasp of the legal issues, built in part on the legal tutoring he had arranged during his fellowship year. He pointed out the realities: to have the white commissioners

unanimous against the black commissioner would raise questions, and since the majority position clearly contravened the law, they would lose. For he had both the facts and the courage to fight.

The Commissioners Court then asked unanimously that the clinic be turned over to a community group. Today that clinic is delivering countywide health care. It has a program for prenatal care, with follow-up through age five. "That program has turned loose some $30,000 a month into the community," Smith said, "and so the merchants found it was not so bad. And after awhile, we found whites were going down and getting services through the clinic too."

Annie Jackson and Dorothy Hinson, the sisters who were fellows in 1972, have returned home after a long exile. Jackson had continued to teach in distant Wilcox County until 1976, when she was able to come home. Hinson had worked for SEASHA after her fellowship year, but the new directions that Lowndes County schools took under black administration persuaded her to return. "Now I feel free in saying to a parent, 'Yes, you have worthwhile ideas, you speak up!' and I know I won't be knocked off the teaching list. I feel free to say how I really feel about programs. It's much better for the kids now."

Willie Wilson, the fourth LDP fellow from Lowndes County who was instrumental in ending the superintendent's long regime, remains on the school board. He is becoming ar increasingly powerful leader, but he pointedly defers to Smith, who is considerably older. Thus the weight that the four fellows achieve in the county is not dissipated in power rivalries. In contrast, Rufus Huffman's primacy in politics in neighboring Bullock County is repeatedly challenged by two former fellows who have aligned with a more radical faction.

NEW CAREERS IN THE EDUCATION ESTABLISHMENT

In the tiny town of Gallina, New Mexico, which stands at 9100 feet in the Rocky Mountains near the Colorado border, the LDP has had considerable impact. An early fellow, Feliberto Martinez, went there as superintendent, but he left after a couple of years to become principal of a big school in the much larger town of Pojoaque. The rudderless Gallina school slipped into such trouble under a series of temporary administrators that the state was considering removing it from local control. This was important because Gallina is one of those towns, common in New Mexico, that are so small that the school is the only governmental presence. Every community problem lands on the school superintendent's desk, and for the schools to be in trouble is a community disaster.

Today the Gallina school is thriving with a whole group of former LDP fellows in charge. Jim Rodriguez, who had a joint fellowship with his wife Elvira in 1971, is the superintendent. Salvador Beltran, who joined the fellowship of his wife Frances in 1972, is principal of the high school. After the fellowship, Jim and Elvira Rodriguez both taught in northern New Mexican schools until the superintendency opened. At Gallina she designed a migrant program for 111 Gallina students who follow the vegetable-picking trail of migrants through the year. She got it funded and hired five aides. As part of her fellowship year, she studied British open schools and has managed to insert some new concepts into Gallina schools. "I'm less rigid in my own teaching today," she said, "though I'm not as free as those schools. But I let students do things. I leave free time for independent projects. I don't keep the kids in rows anymore."

The Beltrans came back from their fellowship year to work in Silver City, where he taught in the high school and she started a program for senior citizens. Another former fellow told them of the Gallina position, and both moved there. In addition to running the school, Salvador Beltran enjoys handling the governmental problems that townspeople bring him. Frances Beltran is canvasing the community to learn enough about the people's needs to design another program for senior citizens.

Naomi Salazar is back in Antonito, Colorado, and has resolved the crisis she faced as the program began. Her religious order was pulling out of the schools there, and she had been reassigned to a fashionable school in Denver. She had questioned whether such work matched her purpose in joining the order, and the fellowship gave her a year to think the issue through. It was also a year of great personal growth. Along the way, she joined Las Hermanas, the relatively militant organization of nuns, though she thinks that did not affect her decision. At the end of the year she resigned from the order and returned to Antonito as a public school teacher. A year later she met and married Ernie Salazar, who recently was elected county clerk, and in September 1975, Ernie, Jr., was born.

She is anxious that her decision to leave the order not be misunderstood. "I felt no bitterness. I had good relations with the order. I have had the best of both lives, as a nun and now as a mother, wife, teacher. I'm still interested in the church—I didn't lose my religion. And it wasn't the fellowship year, either. That gave me confidence to operate outside the order, but it did not precipitate the decision."

Colleen Brewer, the former nun whose experiences and growth were so similar to Salazar's, now runs the elementary division of a school on the Sioux reservation at Kyle, South Dakota. "I've always thought the grant was more valuable than any of my schooling," she said. "And it came when I needed it. I could function in a classroom, but not socially. Life in the order had been so sheltered. And then my family was not given to speaking out. The fellowship year had such a liberating effect, for which I wasn't at all prepared. I thought it would be just educational, and I didn't realize what it had done for me until later."

In Tuskegee, JoAnn Wright, who saw herself as a natural leader rather than follower, thought the fellowship year had an intensely maturing effect on her. Professionally she got a new sense for how systems work. But personally, she said, "I began moving from the ideal to the realistic world. Always before, I had functioned on the basis that people should act in an ideal way, rather than the way they are. And that led to a lot of disappointment and some heartbreak, but that was my fault, not theirs, because people are the way they are. The program helped me get hold of that." Wright was one of those who turned naturally to professional organization. She returned to the agency in Tuskegee that had moved her interest from psychology to education. At the same time, she arranged to finish her master's at Auburn and when I spoke to her had just moved into a full-time doctoral program.

In Atlanta, Anne Anderson reflected a similar sense of personal growth. As a secretary in the high school in Ridgeland, South Carolina, she had founded a Headstart program. She is an ebullient woman, and she exclaimed, "It was the best year I ever had! I'll bet I grew ten years in that one year, and I didn't have a bit of trouble adjusting." She joined the National Scholarship and Fund for Negro Students after her program and became a counselor. She illustrates the feeling of many former fellows who work in cities but believe they serve a rural clientele. "I trained to work with minority children, and here the minority children are mostly rural. Atlanta has just gotten big—with rural people." These rural migrants are the very people, of course, who are likely to need help. K.Z. Chavis is fond of citing a survey in the Atlanta jail that showed that more than half the prisoners were from the country or had come to the city within the last two years. One of his fellows was a Memphis nurse who demonstrated that no matter her location, her clientele was rural.

Many fellows who were teachers returned to their classrooms and remain there today, often with considerably broadened outlook. Philip

Hayes of Farmington, Maine, is back in his sixth grade "still loving it, still not bored." Hayes was interested in alternative school concepts, and during his fellowship he developed a written plan for an alternative within the school in Farmington. When he returned, he showed it to his principal, who liked it and sent it to the superintendent, who ignored it. There the matter lies today.

Hayes is entirely free to run his own classroom as he likes. When he introduced simulation gaming, teachers from other schools came to observe; he thinks he has touched some thirty Maine schools in this fashion. He has become active in the professional association for teachers in Maine and was one of nine teachers elected statewide to evaluate the state's standards for teaching certificates.

NEW BASES FOR EDUCATION IN THE COMMUNITY

June Elliott of Lyndonville, Vermont, who had spent the nine years before her fellowship in the same classroom, was precipitated out and up. When she visited a new regional action center, which had been set up under Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, the director hired her as associate director, in part on the basis of her extensive and varied experience during her fellowship year. The center served about 100 schools and some 700 teachers. Over the next few years Elliott also earned a master's degree in special education, entered a doctoral program, and taught educational psychology part-time at Lyndonville State College. Eventually the center moved to the Lyndonville campus. When the center closed, Elliott joined the State College faculty full time. Today she frequently flies about the country speaking, attending seminars, picking up new ideas and bringing them home—a life distinctly different from those years in a single classroom.

Rita Delgado of Albuquerque was like a number of fellows who concentrated on a specific and somewhat technical aspect of education. Her interest was bilingual education, and she devoted her fellowship year to the subject. Toward the end of her program, a federal laboratory dealing with bilingual education opened in Albuquerque, and she accepted a job there. Delgado runs workshops in rural areas; she deals with curriculum, materials and their review, language assessment, testing, and community relations. Someday she expects to direct a bilingual program in a single district. She was still far from thirty when I met her; there was ample time to think of settling down.

Carlos Atencio had found teaching limiting and was considering leaving education when his fellowship began. When he returned, he

became a principal in Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico, but he learned quickly how powerless that role can be and what impact small-town politics can have. He moved to an OEO program in Albuquerque, which taught him how community action really works, and then went to Cuba, New Mexico, as assistant superintendent. The town is near a huge Navajo reservation, and some of its schools are almost entirely Indian. Atencio had brought educational innovations of the sort that the Northern New Mexico Consortium as a whole would like to see prosper. For instance, an alternative school he designed is having real success with youngsters who otherwise would be lost in the process. And the success of that school has enlightened the intensely conservative mountain society as a whole.

The fellowship increased Atencio's militancy and his ambition. "Some of my naiveté disappeared. It created a restlessness—a window opened, it let me see a little—and it made me want to change things. It started me thinking, questioning, and I'm still questioning." Change is coming, but it is so slow. Sometimes he wonders if real change in the system is possible; no one who knows him would predict his future.

Gerald Gray came back to Rocky Boy, Montana, after his fellowship, served for a couple of years as high school principal and then became superintendent of reservation schools. He is the one who was under consideration (in early 1977) for the post of U.S. Deputy Commissioner for Indian Education in the Office of Education. During his fellowship year he studied ways of developing a curriculum that related language, culture, and tribal history. He traveled widely to places where cultural material is collected—an Indian historical society museum in San Francisco, a historical society at Calgary, the Smithsonian, the Library of Congress, and the National Archives.

At home he began shaping curriculum. One element was built around a book on twelve birds that are significant in the Chippewa-Cree culture. He developed a science kit around the book, and coloring books for younger children; he taped old people discussing the birds and their meaning; he brought in professional Indian artists to contribute. A $200,000 grant from the Office of Education has supported development of a history text on the Chippewa-Cree.

Now the schools are developing a bibliography on the Chippewa-Cree with 3600 entries, the largest ever done on an Indian tribe. The task of organizing the material is enormously complex. For example, the tribe has a thirty-six-character alphabet; the story of its development takes four days to tell, for there are a song and a demonstration for each character, which explain its origin and show its spiritual

connotations. All of this material is being drawn into a form useful in modern education systems so that Indian children can move to the new without losing all touch with the old. For the last few years, Gray has carried this work to other reservations and served as consultant to similar tribal culture programs.

Wade Scholes, the fast-moving fellow from Marietta, Georgia, was just as successful when he returned home. Before his fellowship year was up, he had arranged the job of running a new community education program in Marietta. He likes to note that 52 percent of local government's budget goes for education; if you can find extra use for the facilities and structure at night and on the weekend, your utility gains are excellent. Scholes ran extensive surveys to learn what the community wanted and could use. He studied programs around the country and put his own formidable imagination to work to produce ideas that could be translated into action. Sometimes his ideas pop out so fast that his tongue can hardly keep up with them. They have resulted in activities, he reports, that have involved the astonishing total of some 116,000 people in the Marietta area—perhaps half the population.

Curtis Jernigan returned to Union Springs in Bullock County, with his dashiki and a carved fist strung around his neck, and hardly realized how radical he had become. The townfolk soon let him know. He expected to turn the county around in a hurry, but they told him it was not done his way. So he calmed down and taught for two years. "I learned that programs won't work unless they're geared to what people in the community want," he said. In time, though, he and Rufus Huffman clashed, after Jernigan had made himself into an effective politician. He left the classroom, joined SEASHA for a while, served on the Bullock County school board, and when I met him, he was back in the county seat as adult basic education supervisor.

In New Mexico, Charles Becknell, who had undergone a radical transformation like Jernigan's, was welcomed back to his school. But, he said, "I just couldn't return to elementary education." Instead he decided to teach black history at Albuquerque High School. The school had no such thought, but Becknell persuaded the school to let him take each of its history classes for succeeding six-week periods to be devoted to black history. He moved on after a year, but black history survives in the school today as an elective.

Becknell also was earning a doctorate in secondary education at the University of New Mexico, and when the university opened a program of Afro-American studies, he emerged as its director. About 175 of the

university's 19,000 students are black. He ran the program for five years, and it became a permanent part of the university. He also involved himself in politics and served as the first chairman of the New Mexico Black Leadership Conference and of the Democratic Party's Affirmative Action Committee. He later headed the Governor's Council on Criminal Justice Planning. When I talked to him, he was Secretary for Corrections in the governor's cabinet. Becknell calmly states that he expects to become the first black United States Senator from New Mexico.

From Clairfield, Tennessee, Mary Herr continued to expand the paralegal concept. The first federal grant to Clairfield allowed her to open the paralegal office there, but she believes that it was the experience of the fellowship that allowed her to continue it. By the time she finished her fellowship, she had applied to make the office a full-fledged legal services clinic, and it opened with a full-time attorney in June 1974. Now it can take many of the cases, especially divorces, that were impossible before. At the same time, Herr trained a local person to replace her.

This freed her to extend the concept through the mountains, and she began training paralegals in surrounding communities. She also developed a training manual—a major contribution to the bachelor's degree in legal education she earned through a university without walls.

In nearby Virginia, she found that many people were trying to establish paralegal offices and needed training. But mountain people are reluctant to go far from home, so she began a program to carry the training to the communities. When I talked to her, she had won support from the Commission on Religion in Appalachia to run training programs at the Cherokee Reservation in North Carolina; at Hindman, Kentucky; and in Morgan County, Tennessee, where, as it turned out, the SALT fellow, Millie Walters, was her student.

Herr is modestly proud of what has happened. "We've accomplished a lot in people terms. We let people know they had a right to benefits they had earned. In the past, if they applied and were turned down, they forgot it—they felt there was nothing they could do. But we have forced the Social Security office, for example, to be more responsive, to do its job the way it should. And all this made people feel better about themselves. It gave them confidence to know that they could take action on their rights."

Epilogue

During the months I perused the files and interviewed former fellows of the LDP across the country, a single, overall opinion began to form in my mind, one that became stronger as the months passed, regardless of the tests of skepticism I applied. The LDP was an unusual, well-run, effective program; and its monies were well spent. The fellows made surprisingly good use of their program years. They were not disoriented, and many of them have done interesting things since then. Indeed, the percentage of fellows doing interesting and useful things is probably higher than it is among fellows appointed under other programs.

Was any of the money wasted? Probably, though like some regional reps I believe that experiences that seem negative at the moment are likely to pay intangible dividends in the long run. Wise people learn from failure, and I thought wisdom was one of the most common characteristics I encountered.

I was surprised to find that none of the fellows felt that the overall experience was negative. I had assumed that some would react badly to the program's demands for initiative, since unstructured activity can be very frightening for people without a strong internal sense of confidence. Yet very few were frightened by the unstructured quality, and almost all made something of it. This also suggests that the selection process was effective in finding people who would profit by the experience.

The unstructured quality was surely essential to the program's success. It was a source of continuing pride to the program's officers that they were willing to give people money and turn them loose to manufacture their own experiences. It seems to me an example of institutional courage that the Foundation would forge ahead on such unstructured ground. Perhaps only a giant foundation would have had the confidence—and the resources—to do so.

That it sought people without credentials probably was the most courageous as well as striking aspect of the program. It made good sense, for rural life does not turn on credentials. Requirements for acceptance, let alone leadership, turn on personal qualities, on estimates made after careful observation, on abilities that institutions do not teach nor diplomas prove.

In my judgment, all regions took extraordinary care in choosing fellows and trying to help them toward useful experiences. I found no sense that anything goes, that whatever happens may be counted a success in some way or another. The selection process, while subjective, was rigorous. Committees were satisfied that they took the best they could find. Everyone involved made strenuous efforts to help fellows find experiences that would allow them to grow, and to help them to evaluate and internalize their experiences.

Throughout the program's life there was an internal debate on the meaning and nature of leadership. At one point, Douglas Derrer prepared a review of the literature on leadership and leadership style, but it did not help much. Moreover, there seemed little point in talking about classical leadership forms when the program rejected anyone in a clear-cut position of authority.

The selection process provided one view of leadership by implication. Presumably, a person who could not persuade a very willing selection committee member probably would not sweep along the people in his community either. If one is to get things done in a community, it will be by persuading others of the wisdom of a course. Perhaps informal leadership—the capacity to influence one's fellows—is the crux of what the program sought.

K.Z. Chavis, who was, in my opinion, the most effective leader the program's staff produced, put it this way: "Leadership is the ability to influence, to focus the acts and thoughts of others. A leader must have a constituency, it seems to me, and if that is so there must be characteristics that appeal to his immediate peers. I think the characteristics are the same at every level—charisma, confidence, courage, some tolerance for ambiguity, things like that. Now, I'm not sure how much you can train these qualities, but you can support them with information and experience."

My own view is that as a practical matter, the program sought not leaders, but people who could become influential in their communities if they were given tools, ideas, broader perspectives, and contacts in the world outside.

Most of the tensions and quarrels among the program's various

administrators grew out of the issue of program definition, the shapelessness in which judgments became increasingly subjective. The most obvious friction—that between Grant and Foundation officers—was an example. Yes, Grant's program was less interesting and promising than what Meade originally had hoped for, but Grant firmly believed in what he was doing and defended his plan with skill. He thought out the requirements of his region more clearly than any of the other reps, refused to alter his position, and won every skirmish.

And, heightening the ambiguity, the issue cut both ways. On the one hand, most of the fellows whose experiences had included dull and irritating elements were from the Southwest. On the other hand, many of Grant's fellows worked out arrangements with agencies to let them divide their time. Thus they explored other things in areas that interested them. Many southwestern fellows had fascinating experiences serving as special auxiliary aides to agency heads. One program officer conceded that it was difficult to say that Grant's programming strategy was less useful in light of some of the results. For instance, at a meeting of former fellows, one of those present, who had previously been a teacher from a little town, said that there had never been an affirmative action program in his school system, a fact he pointed out to the superintendent after an LDP tour at the offices of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) in Phoenix. The superintendent asked him to write such a program. "Now he's assistant superintendent in charge of implementing it. Well, you can't complain about that."

To the extent that there is any proof of the LDP pudding, I think it must come in what individual fellows did after the program and what the program seemed to mean to them. For the goal was individual gain. "A fellowship might average $20,000 including administrative and technical assistance costs," Meade once said, "and that's not bad for a person with twenty, thirty years ahead of him or her. Those who do succeed touch a lot of lives along the way. That's what counts."

Some fellows have lived mundane lives since the fellowship; some have been too limited by circumstances to do more than earn a living. My examples have amounted to a fair cross section of the more successful fellows. Still, my tentative and unprovable estimate is that the LDP succeeded in that it has left behind some 700 men and women who are better equipped to deal intelligently and generously with their society, whose ideas and information range are expanded, whose personal perceptions are broadened and enriched.

The genius of this program was its capacity to reach people who

otherwise were unreachable and to touch problems rarely touched in communities that tend to be ignored in the aggressive and competitive atmosphere of American society.

The program was not revolutionary. Except for SALT, the bulk of the effort, money, and fellows focused on improving the system and thus improving the lives of people within the system. Mary Herr, the paralegal worker from Clairfield, Tennessee, summed up what I see as the primary value of the Leadership Development Program—to help poor people "to stand up and to fight for their place in the system."

Appendices

A. ROSTER OF FELLOWS IN THE LEADERSHIP DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM

DIRECTLY SUPPORTED BY THE FORD FOUNDATION

By Region and Year

1967–1968

NORTHEAST

Patrick Babin, *Madawaska, Me.*
Dean Bennett, *Yarmouth, Me.*
Thomas Burbank, *Gorham, N.H.*
David Chase, *Rumford, Me.*
William Childs, *Durham, N.H.*
J. William Ellis, *Lyme, N.H.*
Jon H. Emerson, *Bennington, Vt.*
William Hagner, *Enosburg Falls, Vt.*
Scott Hastings, *Woodstock, Vt.*
Robert Howe, *Bennington, Vt.*
Robert Jones, *Sherman Mills, Me.*
Thomas Justice, *Wolfeboro, N.H.*
Walter MacDougall, *Milo, Me.*
Dean McCrillis, *Andover, Me.*
Bernard Michele, Sr., *Rutland, Vt.*
Bertram Mills, *Canaan, N.H.*
Harold Noyes, *Lubec, Me.*
Bernard Pelletier, *Eagle Lake, Me.*
William Penner, *Ludlow, Vt.*
Barbara Ragle, *Norwich, Vt.*
Sheldon Richardson, *Washburn, Me.*

SOUTHEAST

Jacquelynn Adams, *Lanett, Ala.*
Mae Armster, *Thomasville, Ga.*
James Ash, *Carrollton, Ga.*
Brittana Bright, *Sumter, S.C.*
Carienelle Gadson, *Macon, Ala.*
Connie Harper, *Prairie Farms, Ala.*
Martha Heggins, *Orangeburg, S.C.*
Rufus Huffman, *Union Springs, Ala.*
Toreatha Johnson, *Butler, Ala.*
Evelyn Jones, *Athens, Ga.*
Walter Judge, *Albany, Ga.*
Peter Kirksey, *Boligee, Ala.*
Dorothy Monroe, *Thomasville, Ga.*
Cecil Moody, *Tuscaloosa, Ala.*
Charlie Morrison, *Rome, Ga.*
Sidney Neville, *Valdosta, Ga.*
Louise Patterson, *LaGrange, Ga.*
James Taylor, *Florence, S.C.*
James Thompson, *Silas, Ala.*
Eugene Underwood, *LaGrange, Ga.*
Hattie Ward, *Grenada, Miss.*
Robert Westcott, *Rossville, Ga.*
Mildred Williams, *Jackson, Miss.*

SOUTHWEST

Charles Atencio, *Tierra Amarilla, N.M.*
Lynn Bowler, *Overton, Nev.*
Max Bunnell, *Overton, Nev.*
Paul Crawford, *Cortez, Colo.*
Beatrice Estrada, *Gallup, N.M.*
Ramon Estrada, *Tierra Amarilla, N.M.*
Ronald Johnson, *Dateland, Ariz.*
Dorothy Johnston, *Monahans, Tex.*
Kerry Nelson, *Tropic, Utah*
Jay Runyon, *Whiteriver, Ariz.*
Kenneth Runyon, *Whiteriver, Ariz.*
Adan Salgado, *Valentine, Tex.*
Alvin Smith, *Polacca, Ariz.*
Ramona Tafoya, *Zuni, N.M.*
Henry Trujillo, *Avondale, Colo.*
Ed. Valencich, *Tonopah, Nev.*
Leonard Webb, *Mesquite, Nev.*

1968–1969

NORTHEAST

Louis Albert, *Plaisted, Me.*
Charles Begley, *Waldoboro, Me.*
Richard Billard, *Proctor, Vt.*
Gary Clendening, *E. Millinocket, Me.*
Charles Colcord, *W. Stewartstown, N.H.*
Roger Davis, *Eastport, Me.*
Pearl DePaul, *Williamsville, Vt.*
June Elliot, *St. Johnsbury, Vt.*
Harold Haskins, *Lincoln, N.H.*
Christina Helson, *Falmouth, Me.*
Nancy Hollenbeck, *Bennington, Vt.*
Richard Kenaston, *Union, Me.*
Spencer Laramie, *W. Lebanon, N.H.*
Ed Lawton, *Milford, N.H.*
Nancy Lindsey, *Meredith, N.H.*
Mary O'Brien, *Fairfield, Me.*
Paula Plourde, *Kittery, Me.*
Marvin Rosenblum, *Boothbay, Me.*
Bruce Ryan, *Plymouth, N.H.*
William Savage, *Wolfeboro, N.H.*
Kenneth Taylor, *Bristol, N.H.*
Daniel Whitaker, *Lebanon, N.H.*
Nancy White, *N. Hampton, N.H.*
Lee Wilson, *Hinesburg, Vt.*

SOUTHEAST

Ron Chatman, *Prichard, Ala.*
Bobby Cooper, *Forest, Miss.*
Joseph Delaney, *Grenada, Miss.*
Patrick Doe, *Beaufort, S.C.*
Striblen Dorsey, *Carrollton, Ga.*
Lu Elrod, *Chamblee, Ga.*
Stine George, *Donalsonville, Ga.*
Harris Kandel, *Savannah, Ga.*
Louise Lester, *Florence, S.C.*
Mary Mack, *Mobile, Ala.*
Jennie McCarty, *Greenwood, Miss.*
Marshall Parker, *Conway, S.C.*
Annie Rudolph, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Johnny E. Smith, *Estill, S.C.*
James Stover, *Sumter, S.C.*
Connie Terry, *Orangeburg, S.C.*
Leonard Thompson, *Oxford, Miss.*
Dorothy Williams, *Columbia, S.C.*
Freddie Williams, *Darlington, S.C.*
Nancy Wilson, *Orangeburg, S.C.*

SOUTHWEST

Abel Acosta, *Lubbock, Tex.*
Charles Becknell, *Albuquerque, N.M.*
Adelin Defender, *Ignacio, Colo.*
Gilberto Duran, *Penasco, N.M.*
Robert Frazier, *Buckeye, Ariz.*
Norris Hart, *Corsicana, Tex.*
Eugene LeDoux, *Dixon, N.M.*
Aniceto Lucero, *Antonito, Colo.*
Leo Maestas, *Bernalillo, N.M.*
Arthur Martinez, *Espanola, N.M.*
Hercel Merchant, *Sells, Ariz.*
Tommy Nelson, *Brownwood, Tex.*
Alfonso Ortiz, *Las Vegas, N.M.*
Stanley Paytiamo, *Acoma, N.M.*
Carmen Rodriguez, *Loone, Colo.*
Jose Salazar, *S. Juan Pueblo, N.M.*
William Thompson, *Espanola, N.M.*
Delfin Trujillo, *Tierra Amarilla, N.M.*
Alicia Valdez, *Buckeye, Ariz.*
Joe Williams, *Montrose, Colo.*
Donald Wood, *Crownpoint, N.M.*
Douglas Wright, *Rico, Colo.*

REGION-AT-LARGE

James Brantome, *Berea, Ky.*
Verl Timm, *Haxtun, Colo.*

1969–1970

NORTHEAST

William Arnott, *Roxbury, Me.*
Robert Carroll, *Mouth of Keswick, N.B., Canada*
Joan Cowan, *Canaan, Vt.*
Walter Dale, *Canaan, N.H.*
Pasquale DiLego, *Barre, Vt.*
George Francis, *Maliseet, N.B., Canada*
John Nay, *Lancaster, N.H.*
Wayne Newell, *Milltown, Me.*
William Paul, *Woodstock, N.B., Canada*
Aubrey & Marjory Perley, *Maliseet, N.B., Canada*
Donald Perley, *Maliseet, N.B., Canada*
Marion Perry, *Groton, Vt.*
Stephen Ranslow, *N. Whitefield, Me.*
Meryl Sarty, *Fredericton, N.B., Canada*
Martin Smit, *Newbury, Vt.*
Melvin Somers, *Chelsea, Vt.*
Rod Stackelberg, *Irasburg, Vt.*
Eugenia Thompson, *Gardiner, Me.*
Ed Tyczynski, *Sackville, N.B., Canada*
Duane Wells, *E. Montpelier, Vt.*

SOUTHEAST

John Bryant, *Laurel, Miss.*
Willie Dyson, *Waycross, Ga.*
Luke Gill, *Manchester, Ga.*
Ezekiel Harrison, *Choctaw, Ala.*
Curtis Jernigan, *Union Springs, Ala.*
Lillie J. Johnson, *Georgetown, S.C.*
Si Kahn, *LaGrange, Ga.*
Abie Ladson, *Georgetown, S.C.*
Selene Manning, *Tuskegee, Ala.*
Howell Mims, *Columbus, Miss.*
Curtis Mitchell, *Phenix City, Ala.*
Bobby Morgan, *Fayetteville, Ark.*
Claudia Poole, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Tom Poston, *Columbia, S.C.*
Isaac Richmond, *Frogmore, S.C.*
Wilbur Robertson, *LaGrange, Ga.*
Jesse Rudolph, *Georgetown, S.C.*
Tom Shubrick, *Georgetown, S.C.*
Cooper Smith, *Gaffney, S.C.*
Martha Washington, *Wetumpka, Ala.*
Robert Young, *Greenville, Miss.*

SOUTHWEST

Herminia Aguinaga, *Eagle Pass, Tex.*
Rene Aguinaga, *Eagle Pass, Tex.*
Joseph S. Arquero, *Penablanca, N.M.*
Orlando Brown, *Espanola, N.M.*
Eloy Guerra, *Concepcion, Tex.*
Esther LaPlante, *Tumacacori, Ariz.*
Ed Little, *Mescalero, N.M.*
Arthur Martinez, *Belen, N.M.*
Feliberto Martinez, *Los Lunas, N.M.*
Viola Martinez, *Espanola, N.M.*
Pat Miller, *Ft. Defiance, Ariz.*
Leo Montalvo, *Mission, Tex.*
Juan Montoya, *Espanola, N.M.*
Carlos Naranjo, *Mira Loma, Calif.*
Anthony Ortega, *Mescalero, N.M.*
Frederick Peso, *Mescalero, N.M.*
Francis Quintana, *Arroyo Hondo, N.M.*
Victor Sarracino, *Old Laguna, N.M.*
Manuel Tenorio, *Magdalena, N.M.*
Oscar Velasco, *Presidio, Tex.*
Gilbert Vigil, *El Rito, N.M.*

REGION-AT-LARGE

Edith Easterling, *Pikesville, Ky.*
Michael Paul, *Spokane, Wash.*
Steve Pierre, *Spokane, Wash.*
Dorothy Robertson, *Wardell, Mo.*
Bertha Russell, *Spokane, Wash.*
Chester St. Clair, *Ft. Washakie, Wy.*
Alfredo Zamora, *Racine, Wisc.*

1970–1971

NORTHEAST

Eric Allaby, *Grand Maban, N.B., Canada*
Shirley Belanger, *N. Salem, N.H.*
Peter Bernard, *Maliseet, N.B., Canada*
Gordon Bowie, *Winterport, Me.*
Elaine Crosby, *Bar Mills, Me.*
Dale Douglas, *Bangor, Me.*
Wilfred Dumont, *Van Buren, Me.*
Ellen Edwards, *Groton, Vt.*
Irene Goulet, *Wolfeboro, N.H.*
Jim Hazlett, *Saxton's River, Vt.*
Vern Lauman, *St. Johnsbury, Vt.*
Robert Leister, *Rochester, Vt.*
Wayne Patterson, *St. John, N.B., Canada*
Terrance Polchies, *Houlton, Me.*
Peter Richards, *Bradford, Vt.*
Brad Slauenwhite, *Sackville, N.B., Canada*
Henry Wiggett, *Orleans, Vt.*
Andrew Williamson, *Waldoboro, Me.*

SOUTHEAST

Marva Bell, *Smithdale, Miss.*
Lois, Benjamin, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Linda Bulloch, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Doris Crenshaw, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Chester Fredd, *Tuscaloosa, Ala.*
Georgia Good, *Orangeburg, S.C.*
Doris Hegmon, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Joanne Jankovic, *LaGrange, Ga.*
Cynthia Jefferson, *Atlanta, Ga.*
David Johnson, *Butler, Ala.*
Herbert Jones, *Braxton, Miss.*
Larry Linker, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Willie Long, *Greenville, Miss.*
Vidalia McTeer, *Orangeburg, S.C.*
Marcus Matthews, *Florence, S.C.*
Willie Mitchell, *Newnan, Ga.*
Lenora Nolley, *Oxford, Ga.*
Joe Poston, *Waterloo, Ala.*
Alfred Rhodes, *Jackson, Miss.*
Charles Smith, *Calhoun, Ala.*
Robert Toporek, *Charleston, S.C.*
William Whitney, *Columbia, S.C.*
Gilbert Zimmerman, *Beaufort, S.C.*

SOUTHWEST

Johnny Abeyta, *Dulce, N.M.*
Ima Jean Beck, *Corsicana, Tex.*
Tommy Begay, *Chinle, Ariz.*
Gilvert Cordova, *Gallina, N.M.*
Carson Craig, *Crownpoint, N.M.*
Willie Criddle, *Corsicana, Tex.*
Ron Esquerra, *Phoenix, Ariz.*
Bobby Fortson, *Kilgore, Tex.*
Robert Gallegos, *Antonito, Colo.*
Leo Garza, *Edinburg, Tex.*
John Heflin, *Merced, Calif.*
Ruben Jiminez, *Buckeye, Ariz.*
Katherine Morelan, *Pecos, Tex.*
Abel Ochoa, *Alamo, Tex.*
Pete Ortega, *Las Vegas, N.M.*
Delfino Rodriguez, *Gallina, N.M.*
John Romero, *Alamosa, Colo.*
Lena Samora, *Monte Vista, Colo.*
Earl Valdo, *Albuquerque, N.M.*

REGION-AT-LARGE

Ted Carpenter, *Baxter, Tenn.*
Gary Estes, *Blacksburg, Va.*
Gerald Gray, *Box Elder, Mont.*
James Hamilton, *Hughes, Alaska*
David Humes, *Hayti, Mo.*
Adam John, *Anchorage, Alaska*
Robert Maguire, *Huslia, Alaska*
Gus Townes, *Hayti, Mo.*
Henry Wolfe, *LaPlace, La.*

1971–1972

NORTHEAST

John Calder, *Clifton, N.B., Canada*
Robert Chaplin, *Bernard, Me.*
Bernard Cote, *Rumford, Me.*
Conrad Griffin, *Hollis Center, Me.*
Eleanor Griggs, *Craftsbury, Vt.*
Frances Hale, *Cumberland, Me.*
Philip Hayes, *Farmington, Me.*
Joseph Hedgepeth, *Petitcodiac, N.B., Canada*
Lois Jones, *Winthrop, Me.*
Leonard Lamrock, *Sackville, N.B., Canada*
Marguerite Lebrun, *Waterville, Me.*
Martha Prue, *Newport, Vt.*
Glendon Punt, *St. Albans, Vt.*
Rita Riel, *Mexico, Me.*
Wayne Settle, *So. Harpswell, Me.*
Jonathan P. Sher, *Montpelier, Vt.*
Beverly Stearns, *Johnson, Vt.*
Harold Vincent, *Springfield, Vt.*
Margot Walker, *No. Newport, N.H.*
Jere Whitten, *Presque Isle, Me.*
George Wood, *Milton, Vt.*

SOUTHEAST

James Barnett, *Florence, Ala.*
Hilda Braggs, *Moss Point, Miss.*
Rejohnna Brown, *Leland, Miss.*
Eugene Carter, *Charleston, N.C.*
Donald Conroy, *Beaufort, S.C.*
Patricia Copely, *Boudon, Ga.*
Carol Duffey, *Carrollton, Ga.*
James Evans, *Georgetown, S.C.*
Hazel Frazier, *Beaufort, S.C.*
Sallie Hadnott, *Prattville, Ala.*
Jean Hargrove, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Mary Sue Hillman, *Leakesville, Miss.*
Aaron Jones, *Pascagoula, Miss.*
Glenn Keebler, *Lumber City, Ga.*
Kathleen Knox, *Rock Hill, S.C.*
Robert Mants, *Albany, Ga.*
Yvonne Moore, *Smithdale, Miss.*
Seth Okorley, *Fairfield, Ala.*
Terrance Peterson, *Cross, S.C.*
Augustus Stephens, *Aiken, S.C.*
Joe White, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Tom Whitney, *Columbia, S.C.*
Mercedes Wright, *Savannah, Ga.*

SOUTHWEST

Francisco Alcocer, *Goodyear, Ariz.*
Henry Andazola, *Eloy, Ariz.*
Manuel Aragon, *Alamosa, Colo.*
Arnold Chavez, *Dulce, N.M.*
Moises Chavez, *Blanca, Colo.*
Ezekiel Esquibel, *Belen, N.M.*
Jacinta Gallegos, *Antonito, Colo.*
Ernesto Garcia, *Avondale, Ariz.*
Ronald Maestas, *El Rito, N.M.*
Jesus Martinez, *Mancos, Colo.*
John Morales, *Yuma, Ariz.*
David Ojeda, *Carrizo Springs, Tex.*
Elvira Rodriguez, *Gallina, N.M.*
Jim Rodriguez, *Gallina, N.M.*
Manuel Rodriguez, *Wellton, Ariz.*
Roy Sainz, *Nogales, Ariz.*
Narciso Sanchez, *Marfa, Tex.*
Jesse Santana, *Douglas, Ariz.*
Clara Utley, *San Antonio, Tex.*

REGION-AT-LARGE

Henry Allen, *Tonkawa, Okla.*
Joyce Dukes, *Knoxville, Tenn.*
Roy Huffman, *Eagle Rock, Va.*
Joanne Hurst, *Laurence, Kan.*
Michael Kline, *Capon Bridge, W.V.*
Tom Martinez, *Altus, Okla.*
P. Pumpkin Seed, *Wounded Knee, S.D.*
Mary Ratliff, *Racine, W.V.*
M.L. White Magpie, *Boise, Idaho*
Silas Whitman, *Lapwai, Idaho*
William Worthington, *Coxton, Ky.*
Erle Wright, *Wise, Va.*

1972–1973

NORTHEAST

Judith Austin, *Caribou, Me.*
Ernest Bainton, *Wolfeboro, N.H.*
Andre Boudreau, *Nigadoo, N.B., Canada*
Alice Boynton, *Bangor, Me.*
William Diamond, *Westbrook, Me.*
Patrick Fogarty, *New Vineyard, Me.*
Kenneth Gray, *Boothbay, Me.*
Paul Hawley, *N. Stratford, N.H.*
Cecilia Paul, *Oromocto, N.B., Canada*
James Pinette, *Sinclair, Me.*
Gary Plummer, *S. Windham, Me.*
Laura Ann Ramsay, *N. Stratford, N.H.*
Katherine Richardson, *Lyndon, Vt.*
Donald Robinson, *Chester, Vt.*
James Sappier, *Old Town, Me.*
Gilbert Sewell, *Bathurst, N.B., Canada*
Kathleen Sharp, *Lyme Center, N.H.*
Leo Theriault, *Arthurette, N.B., Canada*
Mary Jane Whipple, *St. John, N.B., Canada*
Leon Worthley, *Laconia, N.H.*

SOUTHEAST

Tonny H. Algood, *Laurel, Miss.*
Robert J. Armour, *Goodwater, Ala.*
Romelia N. Cobb, *Sheffield, Ala.*
Cellestine V. Hill, *Albany, Ga.*
Dorothy J. Hinson, *Hayneville, Ala.*
Annie B. Jackson, *Hayneville, Ala.*
Ida L. Johnson, *Columbia, S.C.*
Freddie G. Jolley, *Pelahatchie, Miss.*
Lavaree Jones, *Jackson, Miss.*
Willie F. Lester, *Mitchell, Ga.*
John H. Lyles, *Columbia, S.C.*
William S. McElhannon, *Jackson, Miss.*
Mary Lee Palmer, *Calhoun, Ga.*
John M. Perkins, *Mendenhall, Miss.*
Randolph W. Robinson, *Lorman, Miss.*
F. Wade Scholes, *Power Springs, Ga.*
Sandra L. Swans, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Bettye J. Ward, *Brandon, Miss.*
Brenda J. Williams, *Camden, Ala.*
Minnie M. Williams, *Alberta, Ala.*
Eva M. Young, *Philadelphia, Miss.*

SOUTHWEST

Jose Atencio, *Cuba, N.M.*
Frances Beltran, *Silver City, N.M.*
Felipe Benavides, *Encino, Tex.*
Lucille Cordova, *Alamosa, Colo.*
Angelita Garcia, *Weslaco, Tex.*
Porfirio Garcia, *Asherton, Tex.*
David Gomez, *Taos Pueblo, N.M.*
Cilfredo Gutierrez, *Monte Vista, Colo.*
Marie Jiron, *Isleta Pueblo, N.M.*
Manuel Lucero, *Central, N.M.*
Becky Martinez, *Alameda, N.M.*
Reyes Medrano, *Tolleson, Ariz.*
Socorro Meza, *Cashion, Ariz.*
Patricia Pacheco, *Laguna Pueblo, N.M.*
Esiquel Ramos, *Avondale, Ariz.*
Antonio Rascon, *Douglas, Ariz.*
Dolores Rodriguez, *Lockhart, Tex.*
Leonila Serna, *Taos, N.M.*
Augustine Trujillo, *Swink, Colo.*
Barbara Wells, *San Juan Pueblo, N.M.*

REGION-AT-LARGE

Faye E. Coleman, *Greensboro, N.C.*
Gerald Garcia, *Denver, Colo.*
Earl Gilmore, *Clinchco, Va.*
Mary Herr, *Clairfield, Tenn.*
Peggy Hopkins, *Chapel Hill, N.C.*
Michael Jennings, *Fairbanks, Alaska*
Robert Lopez, *Gilcrest, Colo.*
Fredrick Prejean, *Baton Rouge, La.*
Daniel & Regina St. John, *College, Alaska*
John H. Spearman, *Lawrence, Kan.*
Frank Taylor, *Wise, Va.*
Martha Teeluk, *Fairbanks, Alaska*

1973–1974

NORTHEAST

Carol Badwey, *Windsor, Vt.*
Tom Battiste, *Houlton, Me.*
Marna Chater, *Cabot, Vt.*
Charles Cole, *Marshfield, Vt.*
Deanna Francis, *Perry, Me.*
Lewis Hutchins, *Blue Hill, Me.*
Ellen Keeser, *Nashua, N.H.*
Patricia Tillotson, *Groveton, N.H.*

SOUTHEAST

Anne Anderson, *Ridgeland, S.C.*
Vera Bowman, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Willis Crosby, *Greenville, S.C.*
Elizabeth Fant, *Belton, S.C.*
Kay Foard, *Moss Point, Miss.*
Howard Gunn, *Okolona, Miss.*
James Hadnott, *Montgomery, Ala.*
Joseph Harris, *Indianola, Miss.*
Boss Harvey, *Jackson, Miss.*
Frankie King, *Auburn, Ala.*
Leon Love, *Atlanta, Ga.*
Rubystene Mazyck, *Cross, S.C.*
Dexter Montgomery, *Amory, Miss.*
Michael Purnell, *Luthersville, Ga.*
Sandra Seabury, *Jackson, Miss.*
Nathaniel Smith, *Union Springs, Ala.*
Donald Sutton, *Greenville, Miss.*
Michael Ward, *Greenville, Miss.*
Ralph Warren, *Sparta, Ga.*
Clima White, *Tuskegee Inst., Ala.*
JoAnn Wright, *Tuskegee, Ala.*

SOUTHWEST

Abe L. Armendariz, *Hurley, N.M.*
Emma J. Armendariz, *Hurley, N.M.*
Santiago Arrendondo, *Lordsburg, N.M.*
Alcario Chavez, *Sandia Pueblo, N.M.*
Normando DeHalle, *Avondale, Ariz.*
Adelfa A. Galvan, *Thorndale, Tex.*
Jimmy D. Lovato, *San Luis, Colo.*
William R. Lozano, *Walsenburg, Colo.*
Lidia S. Luera, *Kearny, Ariz.*
Ruby (Salazar) Martin, *Douglas, Ariz.*
Ike Martinez, *San Ildefonso, N.M.*
Roberta Martinez, *Alamosa, Colo.*
Abel R. Ortiz, *Cotulla, Tex.*
Ben G. Ortiz, *Silver City, Tex.*
Jose V. Prieto, *Marfa, Tex.*
Gerardo L. Reyes, *Anthony, Tex.*
Clarence Sanchez, *Las Vegas, N.M.*
Geraldine A. Sisneros, *Ignacio, Colo.*
Diana D. Smith, *Mission, Tex.*
Nellie A. Soto, *Litchfield Park, Ariz.*

REGION-AT-LARGE

Colleen Brewer, *Chicago, Ill.*
Annie Elliott, *Largo, Fla.*
Vance Gillette, *Madison, S.D.*
Dennis Harper, *Chicago, Ill.*
Carlos Lerma, *Woodburn, Oreg.*
Hawk & Rose Littlejohn, *Louisville, Tenn.*
Steve W. Slonaker, *Capon Bridge, W.V.*

1974–1975

REGION-AT-LARGE

Gregory Ducheneaux,* *Butte, S.D.*
Betty Fire Thunder, *Kyle, S.D.*
Darrell & Linda Mahone, *Berea, Ky.*
Edward B. Morgan, *Abingdon, Va.*
Roy Watts, *Cookeville, Tenn.*

*1973–1974 holdover

B. FUNDS ALLOCATED FOR THE LEADERSHIP DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM

Administered by the Fund for the Advancement of Education (1966–1968)	$ 900,000
Administered by the Ford Foundation (1968–1973)	7,600,000
Ford Foundation grants to:	
Southern Regional Council (1973–1975)	1,600,000
Center for Community Change (1973–1975)	1,400,000
TOTAL	$11,500,000

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